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Viet Namh Chief Shouts Defiance

"STRUGGLE WILL GO ON"

BY EMILY BROWN

Bangkok, Jan. 17.

The Viet Namh leader, Ho Chi-minh, told the United Press today that the struggle will continue until France recognises Viet Namh's independence. He added he did not know if the United States was helping the Republic's cause.

Answering a series of questions submitted by the United Press, Mr Ho said it was impossible to appeal directly to the United States because he has not contact with American correspondents and has only Viet Namh radio to tell his story.

"French aggression was begun on November 20 and the occupation of Haiphong followed," he said, "with daily provocations, ultimata and reinforcements of French troops since December 10. France has made no effort to negotiate, sending only troops and reinforcements and Moutet (French Colonial Minister) who did not meet me."

Ho said the French charge that Japanese troops are in the Viet Namh army is "pure invention for propaganda purposes" and asked if it was not true that "Chinese, British and French armies cleared all the Japanese from Indo-China."

The Viet Namh President answered the questions through underground sources—United Press.
150,000 NEEDED TO WIN
Paris, Jan. 18.

Colonial Minister Marius Moutet said that France needed an army of 150,000 in Indo-China to win a military decision over the Viet Namh Nationalists. There are at present 110,000 French troops there, he added, with about 15,000 Indo-Chinese "partisans" aiding them.

Moutet addressed the National Defence Council as dispatches from Saigon said that the French had lost control of all except the main cities in the interior of Cochinchina—richest of Indo-Chinese states and an important rice growing region.

"The terror becomes more ferocious," President Houphouet of the Cochinchina government told his Council, "and events are stronger than we are."

Councillor Ngol of Hanch's staff said that the Nationalists had dismantled and removed large stretches of railroad between Saigon and the seaport of Myrtho—Associated Press.

THREE DEAD IN HOTEL FIRE

Watertown, New York, Jan. 18. At least three persons died yesterday when fire gutted the three-story Graystone Hotel.

Three people were rescued and 19 others fled, to safety.—Associated Press.



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Race Edition This Afternoon

This afternoon brings to a close the 1947 annual spring race meeting, conducted by the Hongkong Jockey Club.

A programme of eight races is scheduled, including the Jockey Cup and the Australian Champions. Rain during the last 36 hours is likely to make the course heavier than during the first two days of the meeting.

Shortly after 5 o'clock this afternoon, the "Telegraph" will publish a special race edition of four pages, containing results of events up to and including the 4.30 race, together with pari-mutuel prices and winning cash sweep numbers.

ANTARCTIC CAMP INTACT

Located By Bryd Scouting Party

Aboard Mount Olympus, Jan. 17.

The scouting party from the ice-breaker Northwind—the first members of the Bryd Expedition to set foot on Antarctica in this voyage—today trekked on skis and found the Little America camp intact with the radio antenna poles standing out of the snow and ventilators through the ice, indicating the buildings still exist underneath the snow.

The party reported finding good level surface for airstrips which will enable planes to bring members of the party and material ashore because the Bay of Whales is ice-bound and the shoreline jagged.

The task group continued to be anchored outside the Bay of Whales but will go in to unload material one at a time as soon as the Northwind breaks an open-water passage through the ice. The mouth of the bay was a mile and half wide when the Bryd expedition left in 1941 but under glacier pressure now has narrowed to only 400 yards wide.

Admiral Cruzen said if the expedition had arrived much later, it would have been necessary to abandon Little America and find another outlet in the continental ice-sheet. Cruzen hopes to get one boat inside the bay to-day and start unloading.

Meanwhile he is sending a second party ashore to-day to definitely locate an airstrip and pick a site for a new camp—which will be Little America IV, for the first two lie six miles south of the 1941 camp.—United Press.

Sweden Recognises Philippines

Stockholm, Jan. 18. Swedish recognition of the Philippines as an independent state was officially announced.—Associated Press.

BRITAIN & FRANCE INDUSTRIAL TIE-UP

Part Of Bigger Plan

London, Jan. 17.

Plans for the co-ordination of Britain's industry with that of France would be speeded as soon as the national inventory of British resources is completed, informed sources said to-day.

The plan will be part of the wider British scheme for the co-ordination and integration of British economy with European western countries.

British experts have for some time been working on this plan and it is understood that their preliminary investigations are nearing completion.

The British representative, Mr Hall Patch, will discuss in Paris with his French opposite number, M. Herve Alphand, during the week-end the possibilities for an early "harmonisation" of the British and French economies.

An Anglo-French expert committee is expected to take up discussions on this issue presumably next week.

Intensification of Anglo-French trade is expected as one of the immediate results of Blum's London talks. The experts will examine which industries can be developed in the respective countries to enable better co-ordination for mutual trading ability.

Meanwhile, the British Government is preparing an overall economic plan to guide Britain's economy during the next twelve months. The plan will be published early next month as an economic White Paper. It will be the first of a series of economic plans to be issued regularly at the beginning of each year.

The plan was likened to an overall economic budget which will be based on a comprehensive inventory of all national resources—manpower, materials, industrial income, estimates of national income—to be available for investment abroad and overseas trade including imports.

It was believed the budget eventually would develop into a wider plan comparable to the recently issued French Monnet plan for the development of France's industry.

The White Paper will be accompanied by another White Paper on the development of wages in Britain. Cost of living movements and other data to give industry guidance on policy.—United Press.

EUROPEAN FEDERATION

Norwich, Jan. 17. British should raise the question of a European federation "in a traditional and practical way," to end the present indefensible "Balkanisation" of the Continent, according to Lord Templewood, the former British Ambassador in Spain, speaking here to-day.

Britain should everywhere encourage specific arrangements that might lead to greater European unity and regard the federation in much the same way as dominion status, namely recognition of accumulated and established facts rather than as a pre-arranged political system.

He criticised the "serious gap in our economic and political machinery" in Commonwealth relations, and what he called the Victorian system of Governor-Generals.

Now the Commonwealth had become of such vital importance to the future of all its members it was essential to improve the machinery, he declared.—Reuter.

Munitions Factory Explosion

The Hague, Jan. 17. Windows were smashed nearly five miles away when a heavy explosion occurred this afternoon in a munitions factory at Mulden, North Holland.

Eight people were injured, including one worker who was killed and many injured by flying glass.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Monumental, But Inaccurate

A new book has arrived in Hongkong titled "History of World War II." It is bulky, pretentious, and according to the publisher's jacket, a "monumental work," aiming to "give homes, schools and libraries a standard work in which the reader may obtain a comprehensive understanding of the epoch-making events through which we have passed." And in case that is not sufficient an inducement to convince the reader that it is a "must be read" book, he is informed that it was written by Francis Trevelyan Miller, LL.D., U.S. historian and author of "Photographic History of the Civil War," "Eisenhower, Man and Soldier," and "General MacArthur." No book could desire a more impressive introduction or build-up.

Not unnaturally, the Hongkong reader will jump to the chapter, "War in the Pacific." We did. And this is what we read: "The ill-fated garrison of Hongkong consisted of about 12,000 men... under the command of Brigadier J. K. Lawson... Twice during these sixteen days Brigadier Lawson scornfully rejected demands for surrender... In the final phases of the struggle, when casualties were so severe that guns remained unmanned, Americans in Hongkong took over vacant positions."

To those in Hongkong who suffered those epoch-making days, the four glaring inaccuracies appearing in the above quoted extract will convince them that, though this book may be monumental from the point of view of size, it hardly qualifies as a "standard work" for homes, schools and libraries.

For the purposes of accuracy it must be pointed out that the siege of Hongkong lasted 18 days; that the commander of the Hongkong garrison was General Maltby; that it was the Governor, Sir Mark Young, who twice rejected the Japanese surrender demands; and that it was impossible for even one gun to be manned entirely by Americans.

The rest of this book may be meticulously accurate. We are not in a position to say. But most decidedly should the passages dealing with the Battle of Hongkong have been shrouded over by some one conversant with the facts before being included in a "standard work" on the history of World War II.

Victims Of Atomic Bombs Recover

Tokyo, Jan. 17.

All victims of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atom bomb blasts suffering such injuries as blood forming on their organs, loss of hair and other ailments have recovered and there has been no increase of abnormal births in the areas affected, according to the five-man Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission representing the U. S. Army and Navy Cancer Society, the Public Health Service and the Atomic Energy Commission.

The Commission said the victims' hair have grown back and their blood returned to normal; it denied there are any definite indications either of increased or decreased sterility or abortions resulting from the bomb blasts as reported frequently in the press.

Three members of the Commission—Dr. Paul S. Henshaw, Dr. Austin W. Bruce and Lieutenant Frederick V. Ulrich—have returned to Washington where they will submit the results of their "follow up" studies made on bomb victims made in the past two months. They will also make recommendations for the future plan for learning the long-range effects of bomb blasts, particularly on fertility, life span, heredity and disease patterns.

Their data will be co-related with the studies made of animals exposed to the Bikini blasts.

The other two members of the Commission, Lieutenant James V. Neel and Lieutenant Melvin A. Black, are remaining in Japan to supervise the interim programme to study bomb victims and to co-operate with Japanese physicians.

The two commissioners told a news conference that the Commission is particularly interested in "sequentially large and disfiguring scars" known as Kelooids from which many bomb blast victims are suffering.

Such Kelooids are common among dark-skinned people suffering from burns and wounds and the Commission is trying to learn whether the

More Arrests At Tel-Aviv

PALESTINE TALKS

Jerusalem, Jan. 17. Ten Yemenite Jews were arrested last night as Sixth Airborne troops continued their hunt for members of the Irgun Zvai Leumi "Black Squad" in the Telaviv citrus growing area.

The troops also found electric cables and explosives in one house, believed to have been used as a centre for making mines.

One Jewish source said the British were expected to decide soon to transfer illegal immigrants taken to Cyprus back to Palestine, where they will be released periodically as "immigrants"—United Press.

GURION FOR LONDON

London, Jan. 18. An eleventh hour effort to bring the Jewish Agency into the forthcoming London conference on Palestine was foreseen in British Government circles yesterday as the Agency announced that its chairman, Dr. David Ben Gurion, was due here on Sunday from Jerusalem.

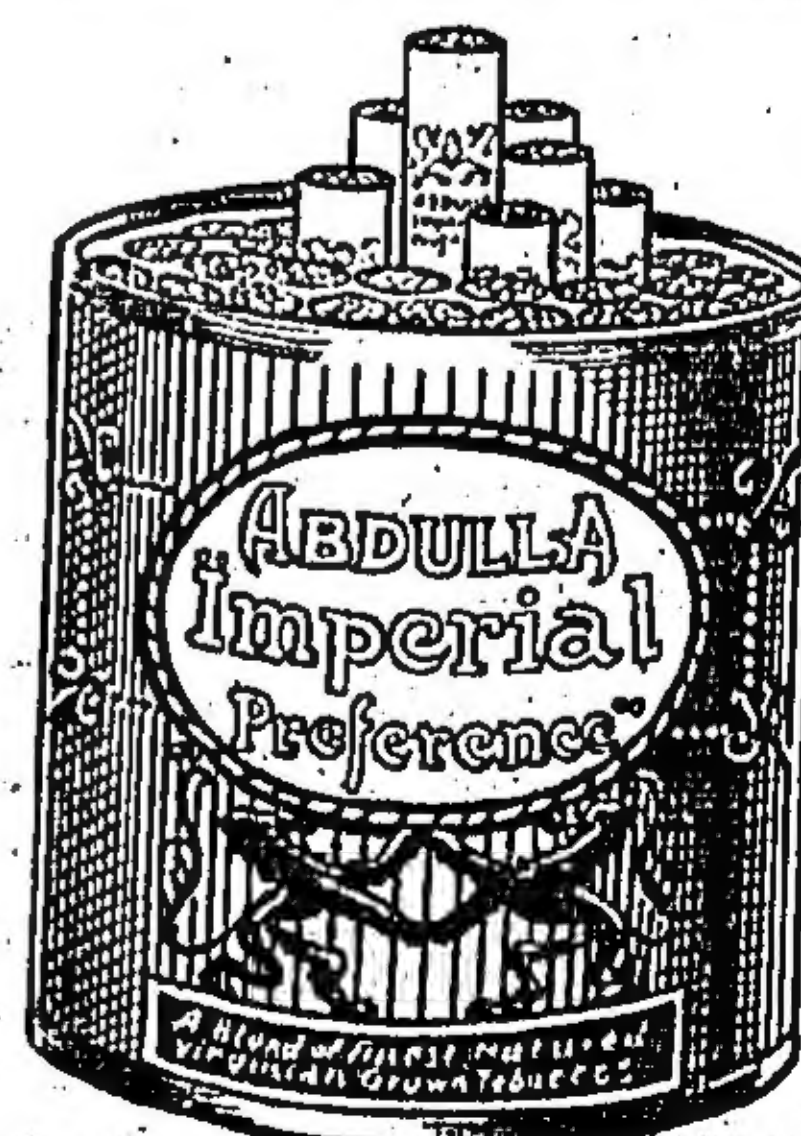
Authoritative British sources said it was certain that Dr Ben Gurion would be invited to confer immediately with Colonial Secretary, Mr Arthur Creech Jones.

Their talks, these sources said, "most probably" would cover ways of obtaining Jewish Agency participation in the formal conference, scheduled to begin next Tuesday.—Associated Press.

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SCREEN'S TOP FUN MAKERS ARE ON THE LOOSE
AGAIN IN A SHOWBOAT OF LAUGHS AND LOVELIES!



TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

"ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC"
with Humphrey BOGART • Raymond MASSEY
LATEST MOVIE TONE NEWS
1946 the year of secret weapons of the U.S. Navy

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EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW AT 12 NOON
M-G-M Presents

"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"

Starring: Irene DUNNE • Alan MARSHAL

ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30-5.15-7.15-9.15 P.M.
IT'S A FURLOUGH OF FUN—WHEN A HIGH FLYING
NAVY WOLF GETS BAGGED BY CUPID AND TAKES
A NOSE DIVE INTO THE SEA OF MATRIMONY!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 NOON
Errol FLYNN • Olivia DeHAVILLAND
in a very exciting action picture

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

TELEVISION HIGHSPOTS

Although television is a thing
of the moment, and leaves no
record, the British Broadcasting
Corporation's Film Unit has
spent a busy six months capturing
pictures side by side with the
television cameras, and
fragments from this exciting re-
cord are being shown to viewers
in England in special "flash-
backs".

Produced by Philip Dore, who is
Outside Broadcasts and Film Super-
visor, the film goes back to the
opening days of the resumed BBC
television service last June, when
Jasmine Bligh, one of the original
announcers, stepped from a car on
the terrace in Alexandra Park, Lon-
don, walked towards a television
camera and spoke the first words
heard from the station since the
close-down on September 1, 1939.

Memorable scenes follow in quick
succession: the historic picture in the
Mall when London's Victory Parade
was televised, the Service at the
Cenotaph, an exclusive interview
with George Bernard Shaw in his
garden on the occasion of his nine-
tieth birthday, and topical glimpses

Coming Soon

VIVIEN LEIGH
CLAUDE RAINS

STEWART GRANGER
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
FLORA ROBSON and
A CAST of 1,000

in
BERNARD SHAW'S
Mighty Spectacle
in TECHNICOLOR!

CAESAR AND
CLEOPATRA

Watch For It.

from the United States filmed by the
National Broadcasting Company for
their own television service, includ-
ing Field Marshal Montgomery at
West Point.

There are flashes from events that
made television outside broadcasts,
such as Wimbledon tennis, Lords
cricket, Lupino Lane performing at
the Victoria Palace, dancing at
Hammersmith and many others that
are happy memories.

All these scenes are going into the
Film Unit archives as a permanent
record of television highspots.

FILM FAN FARE

Amazing Story Of Arnhem

"Theirs is the Glory"—the
amazing story of Arnhem—is to be
presented at the King's Theatre next
week.

In order that the story of this
great battle might be told for the
screen, two companies of troops went
over to Arnhem—every one of them
having fought in the actual engage-
ment.

Every incident shown on the
screen is based on actual fact and
vouched for by official records or
eyewitness accounts.

At the time of the filming, Arnhem
was a deserted town. It was exact-
ly as it had been left by the Germans
after the battle.

There were no communications, no
lighting or heating facilities.

In order to make the picture, a
complete studio organisation had to
be taken over from England. This
involved technicians and a tremen-
dous load of equipment.

The unit took over a Dutch bar-
racks that had been used by the
Germans, and any habitable houses
were pressed into service as billets.

The men appearing in the film
formed a composite company drawn
from the units that actually partici-
pated in the attack. These in-
cluded representatives from the
Airborne paratroops, sappers, gun-
ners and contingents from the
RAMC, REME, IASC, Reconnaiss-
ance Corps and Glider battalions.

Canadian soldiers were of great
assistance, in addition to supplying
the assault craft used for the recon-
struction of the river crossing. They
were the identical men who helped
the Arnhem survivors to safety
during the withdrawal after the
battle.

The co-operation of Dutch patriots
was secured—these were people who
had played genuine parts in the
great struggle, and were only too
pleased to be able to assist in the
filming.

The sounds of battle that are heard
in the picture—as for instance, the
guns of the Second Army—are the
real thing. They were recorded
during the progress of the battle.

Every possible step was taken to
ensure that the production should
approximate as closely as possible to
the true facts.

It was a stiff job for the unit—
particularly at the beginning of the
proceedings, when mine fields had to
be cleared to enable the troops and
technicians to enter Arnhem.

A number of lighting generators
were taken across to service the
company, which was completely self-
contained in every way. Three in-
terpreters were in constant use, and
twenty jumps took the place of a de-
funct telephone system for the pur-
poses of a messenger service.

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE

Maek Gordon and Harry Warren,
Hollywood's top tune team, have
written one of the best scores of their
careers for "Billy Rose's Diamond
Horseshoe," the spectacular techni-
color musical, which is the Chinese
New Year show at the Queen's
Theatre. The picture stars Betty
Grable and Dick Haymes.

In the musical number "Acapul-
co," a Mexican fantasy, Grable sings
the catchy tune and is at her most
entrancing, best in the dance routine
created by Hermes Pan.

Dick Haymes introduces two love
songs—"I Wish I Knew" and "The
More I See You"—that have every
promise of hitting the top of the hit
parade.

For the song, "The Old And The
New," Beatrice Kay, Billy Rose's
"Gay Nineties Girl," matches her
Victorian numbers against Betty
Grable's swing tunes.

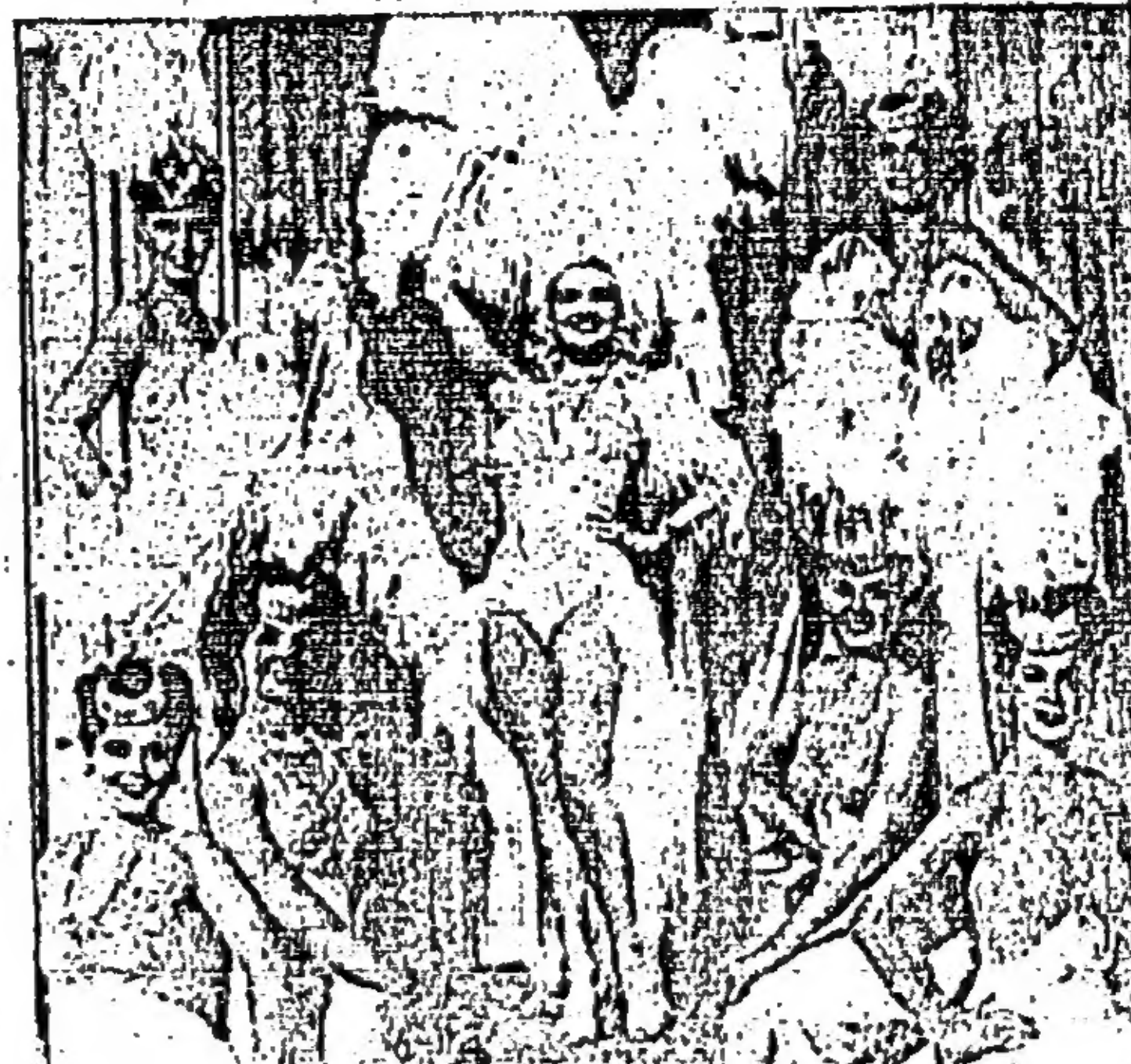
AC-CENT-CHU-ATE THE POSITIVE!

"Ac-cent-chu-ate the Positive,"
the hit tune, is one of the many fine
numbers you will hear in "Here
Comes the Waves," which comes to
the Central Theatre on Wednesday,
Chinese New Year day.

Bing Crosby appears in the pic-
ture with Betty Hutton, who was
seen here recently in "Incendiary
Blonde." Sonny Tufts is also star-
red.

The story glorifies the work done
by the Waves, the feminine contin-
gent of the U.S. Navy. Betty Hutton
plays a dual role, as a blonde Wave
and as a redheaded one.

There is some excellent music, and
another song worth listening to is
"Got a Fella in Poughkeepsie."



Betty Grable and some of the beautiful girls who appear
in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," which will be shown
in Hongkong next week.

Lavish Gowns For Cleopatra

Gabriel Pascal's production of
Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleo-
patra," which will soon be seen in
Hongkong, was made in wartime
Britain, with the restrictions of
labour, materials and facilities
necessitated by hostilities. Although
all help possible was given by the
Board of Trade and other Ministries
concerned—for the film is considered
as part of Britain's export trade—a
fight to make coupons meet both
ends, to find suitable fabrics, dyes,
paints and other materials for a
production of the size was no easy
task.

Oliver Messel, who was respon-
sible for the decor and costumes,
spent many months in research work
before "shooting" started to obtain a
complete working knowledge of the
period—roughly 45 B.C.—and of
the general artistic atmosphere of
Egypt at that time.

In the role of Cleopatra, Vivien
Leigh wears nine costumes specially
designed for the film. Each lovely
froek, from the simple pleated gown
that she wears in the Sphinx
sequence to the elaborate robes of
state, in authentic art to period and
genuine "creations" that Cleopatra
might have worn.

The state robes are of gold em-
bossed material, heavily embroidered
with brilliant and gold thread in an
intricate design. The robe fits like a
sheaf, fastens right down the

front, and embraces her shoulders in
a sleeveless cape. Round her neck,
overlapping the robe, is a large and
heavy necklace, brightly jewelled
around the neckline, with long
hanging pendants of gold.

Cleopatra's robe in the music room
sequence is a draped gown of heavy
material, deep purple in colour. A
glided lotus flower holds the folds of
the skirt on the left hip. It is au-
thentic, yet looks remarkably
twentieth century.

In the banquet scene, Cleo-
patra wears a very beautiful dress of
shot gold and purple tissue, the skirt
falling in many soft folds from a
draped bodice. One shoulder is
bare, the other draped with the
folded tissue, continuing in the form
of a loose scarf from the back of the
right shoulder.

Many of the lovely women seen in
the film wear elaborate headresses,
gaily decorated with many ornate
designs. Many of these were made
from plastics, coloured stones, pieces
of leather and other materials.

It seems strange to think that the
ladies of 45 B.C. Egypt wore sandals
that would be the envy of every
woman to-day. Cleopatra's en-
chanting footgear have wedge heels
and leather fronts, history once again
repeating itself, but this time back-
wards.

The dresses, jewellery and other
adornments, set against the archi-
tecture, furniture and fittings of the
period, and toned up by techni-
colour, become dazzling features in
a film which, as a whole, matches
the grandeur of the story by its
gorgeousness and splendour.

Cinema Guide

SHOWING TO-DAY

KING'S—Bedelia
QUEEN'S—Naughty Nineties
ALHAMBRA—Ice-capades

NEXT CHANCE

KING'S—Theirs Is the Glory
QUEEN'S—Diamond Horseshoe
ALHAMBRA—This Gun For Me



PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER

"Bedelia," starring Margaret
Lockwood and showing now at the
King's Theatre is adapted from the
best-selling novel by the American
author, Vera Caspary, who has
had two other novels successfully
brought to the screen, "Laura" and
"Woman in the Window."

It is a psychological thriller—with
an out-of-the-ordinary twist. The
finale is, in fact, so controversial
that two endings have been shot
one for showing in Britain and
overseas and one for American au-
diences. This is in order to comply
with the Hays Code which does not
allow a criminal to evade the arms
of the law.

As "Bedelia" Margaret Lockwood
has an opportunity of wearing some
of Britain's loveliest creations. Her
sixteen outfits were all specially de-
signed by Miss Elizabeth Haffenden
and executed by Jacmar. Foot-
wear, the eye's most magnetic com-
modity at the present time, is one of
the features that adds to Margaret
Lockwood's glamour. She also
wears seven different hair-styles in
this picture.

Christmas With The Grangers

A brand new car, ordered two
years ago, was delivered at Stewart
Granger's lovely Haslemere home a
few days before Christmas.

Surprised but delighted, the star
hurriedly tucked the car out of sight,
for it was to be a surprise present
for his actress wife, Elspeth March.
The Grangers spent the Christmas
holiday at home with their two
children—two and a half years' old
Jumbo and his baby sister, Lindsay.

From his wife, Granger received
a fine pair of Tang Dynasty china
horses, while Jamie had a pony and
trap from his grandmother, who stay-
ed with the family.

Granger found that when the
drum set entered Jamie's Christmas
stocking, peace flew out of the
window!

TO-DAY ONLY **KINGS** At 2.30, 5.10, 7.15, 9.15 p.m.

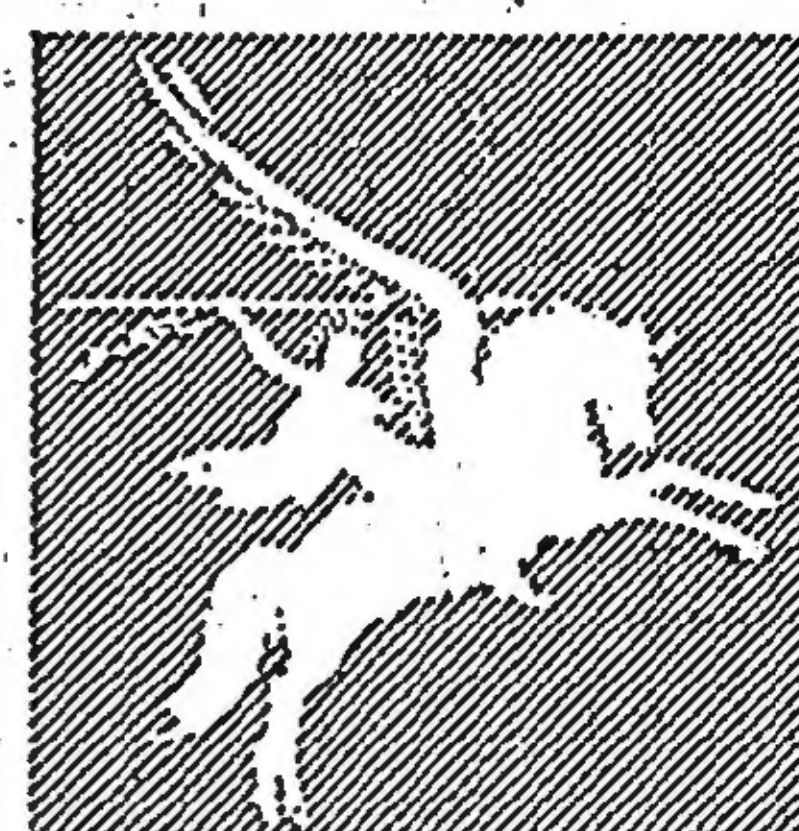
HER BEAUTY ALLURED, HER EYES ENTICED
MEN WERE PAWNS IN HER LIFE
MARGARET LOCKWOOD • ANNE CRAWFORD
IAN HUNTER • BARRY K. BARNES

in NERA CASPARY'S

"BEDELIA"

A JOHN CORFIELD Production — Released by EAGLE-LION

TO-MORROW TO THE HEROES WHO WORE THIS BADGE



Field-Marshal Montgomery said:
"In the annals of the
British Army there are many
glorious deeds. But there
can be few episodes more
glorious than the epic of
Arnhem, and those who
follow after will find it hard
to live up to the standards
that you have set."
"In years to come it will
be a great thing for a man
to be able to say—I fought
at Arnhem."
The Amazing Story of
Arnhem is faithfully re-
enacted by the survivors in:

"THEIRS IS THE GLORY"

Released by EAGLE-LION

SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE
TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY



AT REDUCED PRICES

CENTRAL THEATRE

5 SHOWS TO-DAY
AT 12.30, 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 P.M.



SHOWING **MAJESTIC** At 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 p.m.

TO-DAY **MAJESTIC**

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 p.m.



CHINESE NEW YEAR ATTRACTION

RONALD COLMAN in "KISMET"

M-G-M's TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

GATHAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.15 p.m.

GRANDEST MUSICAL OF THE YEAR!

Betty GRABLE • George MONTGOMERY in

"CONEY ISLAND"

with Cesar ROMERO • Charles WINNINGER

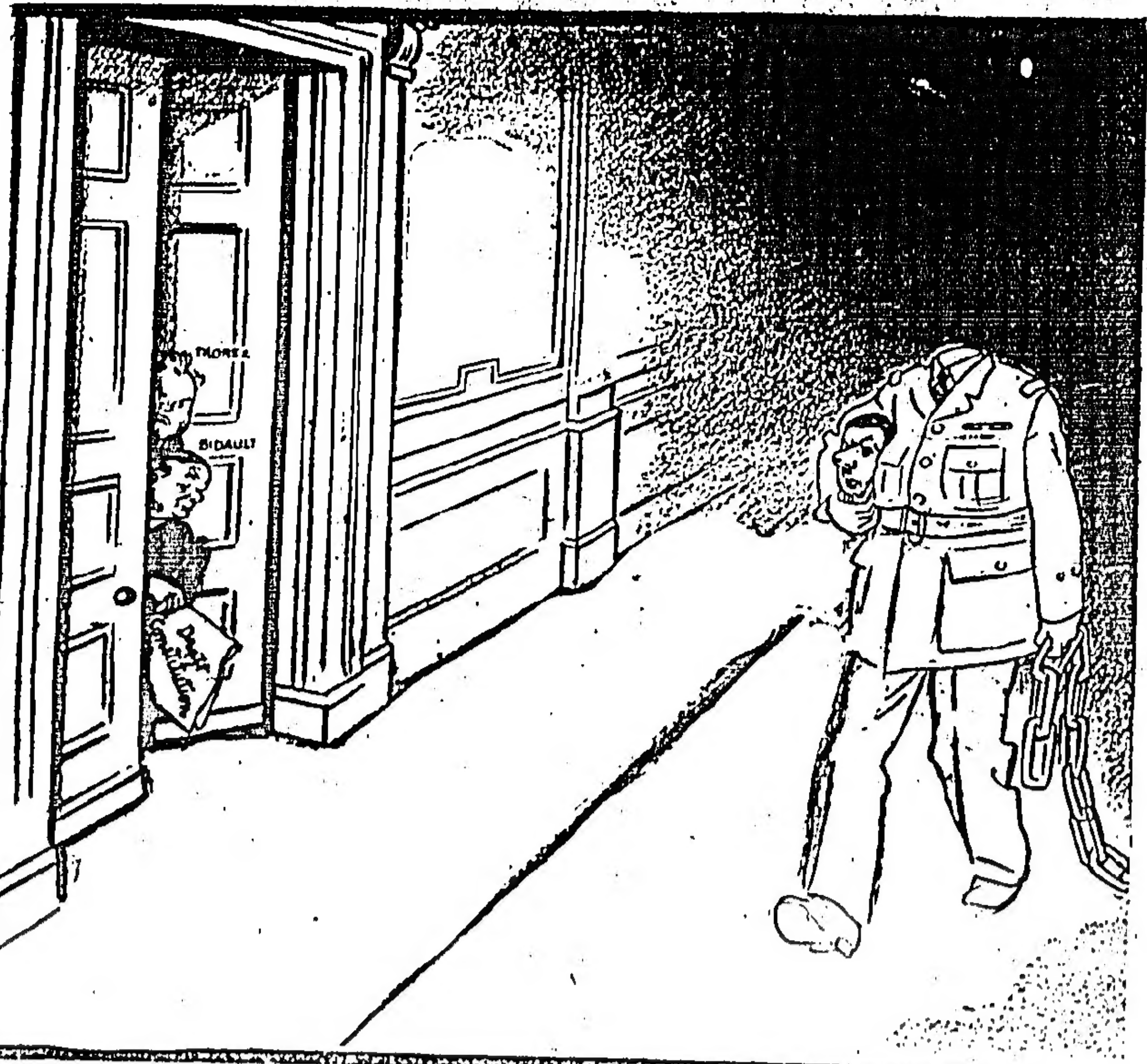
A 20th Century-Fox TECHNICOLOR Picture

TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M. ONLY

BILL ELIOTT in "PRAIRIE SCHOOLNERS"

THE SPECTRE OF THE QUAI D'ORSAY

By LOW



IN SWEDEN TO-DAY

SINCE I got back from Sweden, where I had been attending the P.E.N. Congress, I have had a letter from a Scottish novelist. He wrote: 'I hear you fell in love with Sweden. For my part, I think the Swedes are chiefly a lucky people—they are so lucky they do not believe in luck.' It was a good epigram, but a half-truth.

And now, in this connection, let me quote a Swede—Stan Salander—who in the course of his address to the conference, made the following remarks: 'Fubulous luck, and the situation of our country in a distant corner of Europe are, of course, the principal reasons why we have now enjoyed 132 years of undisturbed peace, but our honest abhorrence of war must not be forgotten, either, even if love of peace comes more naturally to a small and powerless nation than to a great one.'

It is against the background of these two factors—Swedish luck and Swedish mentality—that I should like to discuss some of the things that I saw and heard during my three weeks' stay in Sweden this past summer.

I shall never forget the friendliness and courtesy with which we were welcomed by the Swedish people. In these days of troubled travel, there was something particularly heart-warming in receiving—before we even stepped off the gangway—a mixed bouquet of kindly words and fragrant roses.

Courteous and Kind

BUT the Swedes are not only a courteous and kindly people; they are eminently sane and practical, with an adaptability that almost amounts to genius. They get on with their neighbors, and they get on with each other. They have come to terms with their climate, too, which is no mean achievement. When you realize that their midsummer day has practically no darkness and their midwinter day practically no daylight, you can see how necessary it is for them to organize their mode of living.

Even in their two largest cities—Stockholm and Gothenburg—there are so many parks and gardens, so many open-air restaurants, so many seats in the sun, and in the shade, that you can turn aside from the busiest thoroughfare and find, in a couple of minutes, rest and refreshment, beauty and fragrant quiet. You can also find, when you want, facilities for tennis and golf, boating and bathing, dancing, and physical culture.

In country places, where the growth of crops is speeded up by the perpetual daylight, the work has to be speeded up, too. The townspeople help—particularly the students—for in summer the universities are closed, and so are the theatres and concert halls.

Of course, there are outdoor sports in winter, too, as well as indoor amusements. People of all ages go sleighing, skating, and ski-ing.

Adaptable Houses

THE Swedish houses are as adaptable as their owners. The same windows that can be thrown open in June will also exclude every draught in December. Many of them have double glass, and all of them have perfectly fitting frames. I noticed that even the train windows—which could be pushed up or down with two fingers—had padded strips running round the frame to make it snug.

Electricity is now used for lighting and power in all houses and buildings throughout the country, and its general use has amounted almost to a revolution in Swedish winter life. In the north of the country, there is still tremendous power waiting to be utilized.

I found food plentiful. Sweden, with an area greater than that of Great Britain and Ireland taken to-

gether, has a population of, roughly, only 6,000,000. And, of these, at least one person in every four is engaged in some form of agriculture. It is not surprising, then, to find plenty of milk, butter, eggs, poultry, fruit, and vegetables in shops and markets.

Bread, butter, and meat are rationed in restaurants and hotels as well as in private houses. Farmers concentrate on milk rather than on beef production, so that beef is scarce—though reindeer meat is often served instead. It is not on the ration. You must give up coupons for cakes, but sweets and chocolates are coupon-free.

Well Dressed

CLOTHES are plentiful, but expensive. Swedish women and men are beautifully dressed, and they carry their clothes with grace and distinction. It will amuse you, perhaps, to hear that on the only occasion I made a comment—I had admired the tweed in a young man's suit—I was told that, like his father before him, he always got his suits from an English tailor. Later, at an evening banquet in the famous Golden Hall at Stockholm, I learned that many of the lovely frocks worn by the women came from America.

But, before I leave the subject of food and clothing, I must refer to the fact that Sweden has sent great quantities of both to Holland, Norway, and Finland, as well as smaller consignments elsewhere. The Swedes have also rationed their own food so that they can share with others less favourably situated.

I found that, not only in the cities but in the country districts, also, many people spoke English. Usually there was one member on the staff of every shop, hotel, or restaurant who could act as interpreter. Then there were the students—young, golden-haired boys and girls in white caps—who were at least as anxious to help you out of a difficulty as to practise their English. It was from one of these girls that I learned how—some time before the war—English had replaced German as the priority foreign language in all the schools.

Vocabulary

AS to my Swedish, well, I learned to say 'Tack—thank you'—the moment I landed, and I found that my one-word vocabulary seemed to meet most occasions. A few Swedish words were amusingly easy—for example, a milliner was a 'frisör'; a hairdresser, a 'damfriser'; and so on. Fortunately, there were taxi sound-alikes in several languages. Talking of taxis, in all the main thoroughfares in Stockholm there are 'Taxi-calls'—little gadgets that look like our fire-alarm. You lift the receiver and say 'Taxi'. The call indicates your position, and, in half a minute, there is your taxi.

I was glad to have had a chance to visit one of the new housing estates in Gothenburg—a block of flats with a small park and children's playground attached. The flowers were already in full bloom, though the builders were still at work. There was a row of shops and a central dining-hall, as well as a laundry where you could do your own washing—or pay to have it done. Members of these communal dining-centres—membership is optional—are expected to take twenty-five dinners a month, and each meal costs about two kroner.

There are also day nurseries for children whose mothers have to go out to work. All flats have automatic lifts, and each flat has a separate balcony, complete with safety railings.

Culture

IN Stockholm, where some of the old eighteenth-century houses are being converted into modern flats, every here and there a house or two is being sacrificed to make room for a lovely little garden—maybe only a patch of grass with one birch tree or a group of lilacs.

I congratulated one of the Swedish writers on the skill with which they were bringing the country to the town. But he just laughed, and said, 'We can't help it. We still have our peasant mentality. Isn't "swede" a sort of turnip?'

I wish to had time to tell you about the folk-museums of Sweden, which are not so much museums as living monuments to the cultural and economic progress of the people. As well as Skansen, which you may have read about, these museums—over 100 of them—are scattered all over the country. They are not only worth seeing, but worth going to see.

If you are interested in old manuscripts, you would be thrilled to see the Codex Argenteus at Uppsala—a sixth-century bible written by hand on purple parchment in gold and silver lettering. And you are made welcome at the homes of Carl Larsson and Anders Zorn, where members of both families still live, and where you can examine at leisure the most intimate belongings of those two great artists.

Make Haste Slowly

YES, I believe I did fall in love with Sweden. Maybe I loved most the prodigal use of two simple, lovely things—flowers and paper. From the cracks to the grave, the Swedes literally 'say it with flowers'. Looking through the glass partition of a nursery in the new maternity hospital in Gothenburg—Sweden, by the way, has the second lowest infant mortality rate in the world—I saw that every baby was wearing a posy. When you go visiting in Sweden you take your hostess a bouquet, and she tucks a nosegay into your dinner napkin. Even in the new crematorium in Stockholm trees and flowers in abundance offer their gentle solace.

I think I shall always associate Sweden with beautiful flowers and with beautiful paper. One day in Stockholm, I was buying sweets to take home to my nieces, and I asked the assistant to pack them for travelling. She arranged them in what looked like a gold casket, wrapped this up in shining, white paper, tied it with green, paper ribbon, and fastened the ends with gold, paper seals. Then she proceeded to pack it.

But, of course, the forests are Sweden's chief source of wealth—and forests mean paper. If you look at a map of Sweden, you will see that there are scores of rivers running from west to east through the great woods of pine and birch. In every river there are groups of white pine trunks, stripped of their bark so as not to destroy the salmon fishing—and these move almost imperceptibly down-stream to the mills near the coast to be made into paper pulp, art silk, and whatnot. Watching them, I said to myself, 'They're like the Swedes. They make haste slowly—but they arrive!'

GRAND WORK by TWO MICKIES!

By F. CROWLEY

It was a grand day for Mick Fox, the boxing referee, when he met up with Micky Wood, former lightweight champion and, more recently, Commando trainer to the Allied Forces.

Fox had volunteered at the age of 40 for P.T. duties in the Army and got away with it by understating his age. There he had followed all branches and specialized in rehabilitation over his 6½ years' service and, back in civvy street, he was raring to go, but could not find premises.

Then came Micky Wood with his Mayfair Gymnasium in Great Portland Street all fitted up, a word of explanation, and Fox had the run of the hall and a free hand in his own sphere!

To-day, while film stars and actresses undergo training with budding champions, Mick Fox is performing wonders of patient remedial and treatment which have to be seen to be believed.

'When I was posted to the Army Physical Development Centre at Kinross, I got into the 17th to 35 who was undernourished. It was a sort of guinea pig school for paratroops. Well, we found it possible to put two stone on a man in eight weeks, and an inch on his height and chest. We did everything there, psychiatrist, infra red treatment, and so on, and it was marvellous to see fellows doing ten miles round Richmond Park in full kit in eight weeks.'

RAMC Help

FOX had immense help from various RAMC officers, that given by Major Daintree Johnstone being invaluable. 'I'd show you everything and let you DO things, which was great training.'

Mick became an expert, had trained with the British Red Cross, and then was appointed to look after the 6th Airborne Division at Beaufort, where he had a hospital and a gymnasium. But he had to equip his gymnasium and the gadgets himself. An American dump proved a lot of help—'The things I did with bits of wire.'

Given a free hand Mick could now handle anything connected with mind, muscle, or nerve, and any he had any amount of fractures to treat here! In the matter of massage Fox emphasised the assistance he had from Mrs. Young, wife of

Major Young, and Miss Murphy who, before the war, controlled a clinic for young children at Eastbourne.

First Patient

FIRST patient at Mayfair Gymnasium was Reggie Gutteridge of Islington, son of the late G. C. Gutteridge, one of the famous Gutteridge twins, who lost a leg below the knee in Normandy when he jumped out of a tank and landed on a mine. The stump of the limb was particularly let Fox touch it. To-day Mick can pull and tug at it as much as he cares and Gutteridge uses an artificial leg so easily that watchers are fooled time and again.

Actually on one occasion a visitor watching him boxing remarked to Micky Wood 'You have a good lad there, got promise!'

To-day Gutteridge runs up and down stairs, apparently quite sound, skipping, rowing, boxing, wrestling like the rest.

It's not the first girl who has danced with Gutteridge and didn't know he had an artificial limb!

CHRISTMAS RUSH IN THE WEST END



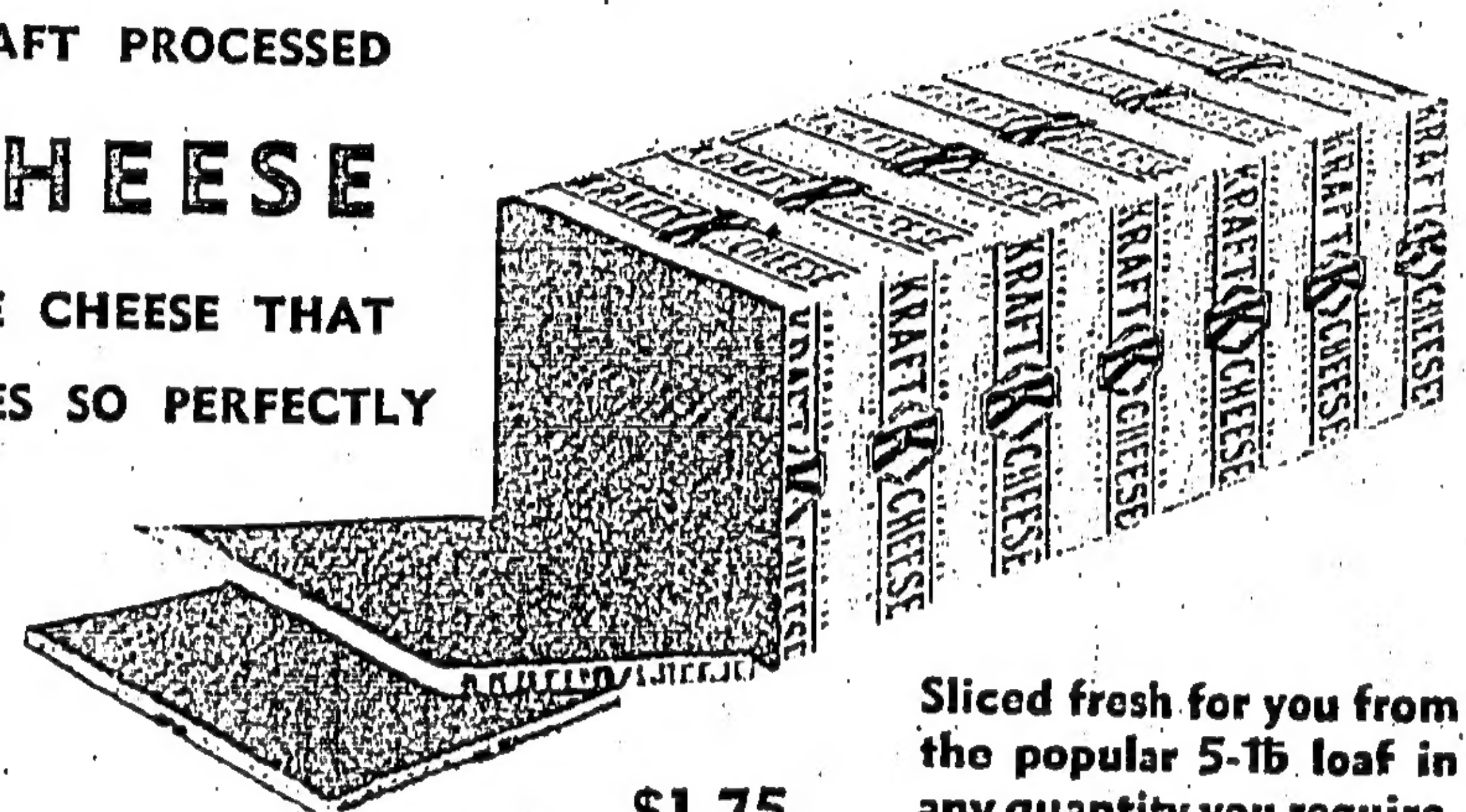
Scene in the toy department of a large West End store during the Christmas rush. There was more than double the selection of toys in 1946, but small girls had bad news as dolls were in short supply.

Fox is now working on another case—a brother-in-law of Tommy McGovern, the boxer. This lad has not walked for 11 years, following an operation, and now suffers from muscular wasting or paralysis. All his patient can turn round in his chair and, where formerly his feet lay under the chair edge, he now stretches out his foot unaided.

Mick hopes to have him on two sticks before very long. Fox is eager to help any Service man who wants to overcome a disability and points to the case of Tony Baer, discharged from the RAF with 100 per cent disability and who was at one time encased in the neck in plaster. To-day Baer is wrestling once more.

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Why the Presbyterians don't like the Poles

BY A CORRESPONDENT

HOW are we getting on with the Poles? In some parts of Britain they are popular; in others their manners and customs make it difficult for them to settle down.

Nowhere in Britain does the agitation against the Poles wax stronger than in those countries that lie to the north of the Grampians. There are 30,000 Poles in Scotland, and it is north of the Grampians that most of these are housed. Every week from the Highlands, in one form or another, comes the cry: "Send them home."

MANY PROTESTS

Recently, it was Caithness County Council passing a resolution condemning the Government intention to settle Polish nationals in this country.

Before that, Ross and Cromarty County Council, the Free Church Presbytery at Dingwall, the Crofters and Smallholders Association, all voiced their protests.

Lord James Stewart-Murray, vice-president of the Scottish Polish Society, the man who refuses to use his title as ninth Duke of Atholl, says the agitation against the Poles has been caused by a campaign of vilification everywhere by a minority. "Communists inspired it," he says. "They began it before ever the Poles set foot in Britain."

A MINORITY

Why, assuming that he is right, should propaganda by a minority find in the Highlands an atmosphere so much more conducive to its success than elsewhere in the country?

Principally because of religious prejudice. Most of the Poles are Roman Catholics. The camps are situated in the one remaining corner of Britain where dancing is still regarded as a sin, where it is wrong even to draw water on the Sabbath. Where the precepts of John Calvin still rule.

In short, in the strongest stronghold of Presbyterianism. Men who were brought up on "porridge and the Shorter Catechism" shudder at the mention of mixed marriages. They point to the 2,000 marriages already between Scottish girls and Poles, and say: "How many more if the Poles remain?"

Glasgow, with its 250,000 Roman Catholics, is inclined to shrug its shoulders over the Polish question. Presbyterian Edinburgh is nearly as bitter as the Highlands about it. "Country folk," says Stewart-Murray, "get on well with the Poles. It is only in the towns that you get youths bullying them."

Scotland as a whole, ever wary of the shadow of unemployment, is suspicious that 30,000 more workers may be added to its labour market.

The work the Poles are doing just now is all casual—road repairs,

potato-lifting, dump-clearing, and the like.

Antipathy towards their employment on a more permanent basis is all on lines voiced by the Rev. Ian McRury, leading Free Church minister and county councillor, when he said last week: "It is for our own lads that we want work like the hydro-electric scheme."

Meanwhile many of the Poles idle away their time as they await trades union's decisions.

Paradoxically, it is in the furthest north, the Orkneys, that the Poles have their onsets of popularity. There a group of farmers have declared that they each want a Pole to stay with them for good.

On the other hand, in England the Poles have won a great victory.

From all over the country come reports that the Poles, with their Chopin melodies and their unassuming friendliness, as proved a quiet, temperate individual.

He has won the liking of the English, who are extending what hospitality they can to him. Sixteen thousand Poles, many with their wives and children, are stationed on classic Salisbury Plain.

The people of the Plain, once suspicious of these strangers who could not even speak their language, now have even spoken to them. The Poles are some of the best-behaved soldiers ever to serve in Britain. Their behaviour has been immaculate.

Tithead's vicar, the Rev. W. J. Freeman, says: "The Poles are very popular here. They have invited the villagers to a large Christmas party."

INVITATIONS

In the six Polish camps in the Denham area, they made no special Christmas arrangements. The reason: All the men received invitations to spend Christmas in English homes.

Deaconsfield District Council members set a fine lead in the district when they decided to do all they could to make the Poles welcome and to lay the chairman, C. A. Angus, told the Council "make them feel that they are part and parcel of the community."

Councillors contacted various philanthropic bodies in the district so that they have been provided with recreational facilities.

In Penrith, Cumberland, 3,000 Poles are living in four camps. Local people have no objection to them and only one small criticism.

This is that the Poles come queues at the post office because they are always sending parcels, chiefly of second-hand clothes, to their families in Poland.

A DECENT LOT

There are 2,700 Poles enmeshed near Leek, Staffs. Tradesmen describe them as a quiet, decent lot. They come in town regularly, but are very unobtrusive.

Brigadier Todd, chief advisory officer to 60 Polish resettlement camps in Western Command, says: "It is time the public knew the truth about our Polish allies and about false rumours which say that Polish soldiers are misbehaved."

"As one who commanded 15,000 Poles in Britain, I know that our people call them the best behaved troops they ever knew."

At Watton, near Driffield, Yorks, where there are about 700 Poles encamped, there has been some resentment by local people because of their association with local girls.

But the feeling is tempered somewhat because it is felt that the girls are to blame, as they seek the Poles' company.

Authority On Parliamentary Procedure

A book which has held away for over 100 years as an authority on procedure in Britain's Parliament at Westminster has gone into another edition, its fourteenth, and the collection of notes for the next edition has begun.

Known as "Erskine May," after the original compiler, who was clerk of the House of Commons from 1871 to 1896, the full title of this work of 1,002 pages is "A Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings and Usage of Parliament."

Thomas Erskine May was assistant librarian to the House of Commons when he issued the first edition in 1844. Previously there had been a number of learned books and a mass of papers dealing with the way Parliament worked, but Erskine May was the first to make this knowledge available to every Member of Parliament.

The House then had only 14 standing orders. So great has been the evolution of Parliamentary procedure and the increase of business, that to-day "Erskine May" has 36 chapters—one over 100 pages long—and needs an index of 48 pages set two columns to the page.

Notes Lost in Bombing

The latest revision began in 1932. Some of the notes for it were lost when the Houses of Parliament were bombed during the war but other manuscript was recovered from the ruins. The volume describes war-time procedure when, despite every attempt of the enemy to drive Parliament from its ancient home, Britain's legislators continue their task of encouraging and criticising the Government at Westminster.

That notable feature of Britain's Parliament, Question Time—the quizzing of Ministers by private

Internment Reflections

The following lines were written in 1943 when occasionally a small quantity of fish, frequently "off," was brought into Sham-shulpo. "Busty" Bower was the head cook.

With this mighty world-wide war on We have lots of things to pore on: If might alone is right—or right is might.

Is there news of the Pacific, Either abstract or specific; Have the Allies or the Axis won the fight?

Are the Russians yet in Prussia, Or reverse, the Huns in Russia; Is it true that there've been air raids day and night?

Over London, likewise Berlin, Where each is vainly hurlin' Its missile deadly, with all main and might.

Truth to tell, it doesn't matter, Cos we can't do much on "atta" (For there's) nothing in it we can really bite).

There are things of much more import, More especially for the thin sort, Things that tend to make our future dull or bright.

Have those tiny fish come in yet, Caught and boxed in some cool inlet Or blown up to the skies by dynamite?

Have we nice fat fresh garoupa Caught alive or in a stupor, Or is it cold—or fish that's died of fright?

We must ask our old friend "Busty" Have we pastry crisp and crusty? Is there dirty rice—or is it nice and white?

Has the bully beef been curried To get "pelligrins" worried? Has the cookhouse staff achieved an untold height?

Have we beans and juicy pork? Or M and V—for God's sake talk! Oh, won't you please relieve my queasy plight?

Here's the question of the minute: Come—my patience has a limit. Now, tell me—what the Hell's for CHOW to-night?

J. G. M.

Stole Cards To Play Solitaire

Obles Moon, 53, Ohio, was fined \$25 and sentenced to 30 days in Cleveland, Ohio, for stealing two decks of playing cards. He told police he had just arrived in the town, had no money, and took the cards from a department store so he could play solitaire to while away the time until he landed a job.

He had 30 days more to while away, but they didn't let him keep the cards.

Members—had scarcely been born when Erskine May began his work. Last session 30,000 questions were asked in the House.

A copy of "Erskine May" lies beside the Speaker's chair always at hand for reference when the House is in session.

JUST ARRIVED!

House of
WESTMORE
COSMETICS

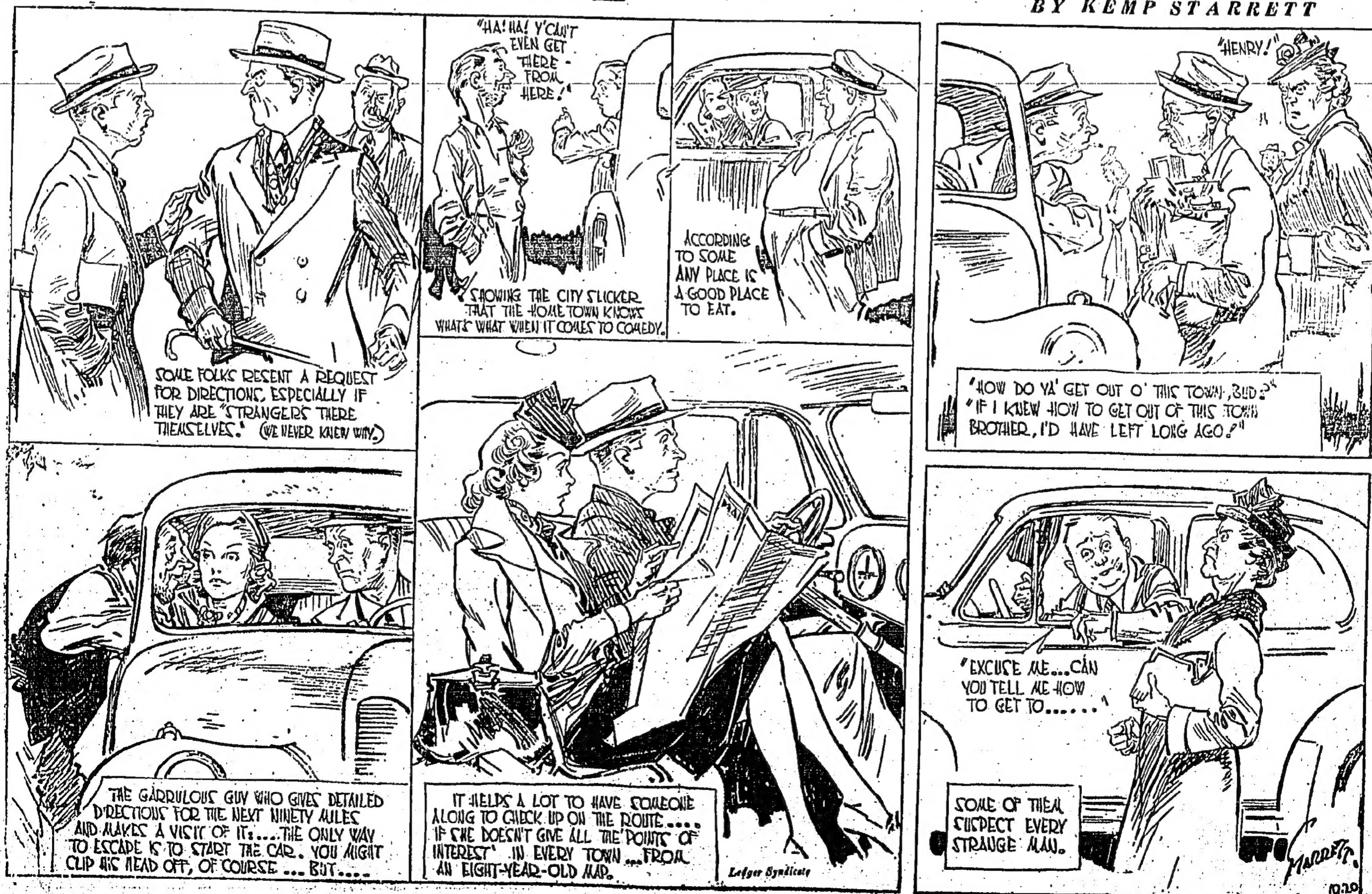
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"Which Way?"

BY KEMP STARRETT

THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF A RUSSIAN

INSTALMENT TWO

The birth of a baby

By JOHN LAWRENCE

Formerly of the British Embassy in Moscow

I WAS in Moscow under the care of Russian doctors during the whole of my pregnancy, and when my son was born at the end of May, 1946, we were ten days in a Russian maternity home.

He was less than a month old when he nearly died of double pneumonia, and a week later he was found to have whooping cough as well. I thought it was just a cough, and baby had caught it from me. The pneumonia was a "complication."

He was four weeks in hospital and, except for the first few days, I lived there in the same room, feeding and helping to nurse him.

From then until we left the Soviet Union our Russian doctor kept a watchful eye on us both.

An eventful year had provided more opportunities than I wished to see how the elaborate Soviet system for the care of mother and child could work in practice.

As soon as a woman is pregnant she is supposed to go to her local maternity clinic, which arranges for her to be looked over by the doctor there at regular intervals until the baby is due. Two months before the baby is due a sister attached to the local child welfare clinic to make sure that she has the necessary things for the baby.

The maternity home where the baby is born is responsible for informing the child welfare clinic when it goes home, and the sister from the clinic (already an old acquaintance) calls to dress the baby's navel and to give any advice which may be needed.

A doctor from the clinic also calls to verify that everything is going all right. Each clinic is responsible for the children under two in its area.

WATCH, RING TAKEN AWAY

A MOTHER is allowed by law 36 days' leave with full pay before the birth and 42 days after, with 11 more should there be twins or complications. She is also entitled to three litres of milk a week from the sixth month of pregnancy until four months after the birth.

I was under the care of Professor Kolosov, an amiable, elderly, bearded Chekhovian character with a competent mouse of a woman assistant called Shidkova.

Towards the end of my time I asked whether I could have my baby at the Gruteran Maternity Home, which was near our flat, and run by Professor Arkhangelsky, of whom we had heard good reports.

Kolosov approved my choice. When the time came I went to the home about 7.30 one evening and was immediately admitted. My watch and wedding ring were the first things taken away and given to my husband for safe keeping.

But as I got further into the home I shed more clothes and filled in innumerable forms until, finally, found myself wearing nothing but my vest and answering questions about the number of rooms in our flat, the amount of V.D. in the family, the illnesses I had had, the education of my husband, and the state of my head (confirmed by a quick look with the nit comb).

LABEL TIED ON MY BABY

I WAS then asked why I had waited until the great age of 33 before having a baby. And before I could think of a convincing reply I had been stripped of my remaining possessions—which were all given to my husband to take home—given a shower bath, fitted out in a nightgown from a steriliser, and ushered straight into the delivery room.

This was a big, tiled, well-lighted room with about a dozen hard, high-backed chairs round the wall, two of which were already occupied by women in a much more advanced state of labour than I was.

A doctor sat at a table in the middle of the room, while another delivered by filling in a form.

I lay for some time on the couch while my neighbour was encouraged to greater efforts by being told: "What—a big strong girl of 27? Why, there's a woman of 33!"

I watched her baby born from a range of about one yard, and an hour later she was able to see the arrival of my son.

No anaesthetic was given to anyone in the delivery room, nor did I see any apparatus for administering it. It was told that if surgery was necessary it was carried out elsewhere, and that an anaesthetic was then given.

After the arrival of my baby I was shown him and asked to check the identity labels before they were tied on to him.

I was lucky that my baby was born on a quiet night—I was able to go straight into a ward instead of spending an uncomfortable day or two in the corridor. There were nine beds in my ward, which was rather too small to hold them comfortably.

The beds were of iron, but felt much harder, as the mattresses were very thin and the sheets were of poor quality unbleached cotton which crumpled very easily. All linen came out of a steriliser.

The medical attention seemed a good deal better than the accommodation, although perhaps too specialised. The doctors in the delivery room did nothing but deliver. The three on duty on the night that my baby was born were all women and all fairly young. As they seemed to work quickly and confidently, it was quite content to be in their hands.

THE FOOD WAS GOOD

When the mothers arrived in the ward they were looked after by three bright young women doctors who took it in turns to be on duty day and night.

The author says: "I am indebted to Mrs Gifford, wife of the British Commercial Secretary, for permission to publish this account of her experiences in hospital."

The babies were under the care of two children's specialists—one for normal babies and the other for small babies.

There were various sisters: always one on duty in general charge of treatment in the ward and others dealing with special duties, such as food and linen.

The babies were looked after by another set of sisters. Finally, there were the "nannies," friendly peasant women who carried food round, made beds, but never touched a patient.

The greatest care was taken to avoid any infection and such washing as had to be done was carried out with permanganate of potash and sterile wool held by a sister in forceps.

Mothers were made to wash their hands before feeding their babies.

I thought the food was good. It was certainly better than what I ate in an L.C.C. hospital in 1932 and somewhat more attractive than what I saw in St Thomas's before the war.

No visitors were allowed, but there was a phone between every two beds which could be used between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

The usual stay in the home was seven complete days. But if a patient ran a temperature or her baby was underweight she would be kept until the temperature had subsided or the baby was fully established.

If the mother was well and anxious to return home, but the baby was still weakly, it was sent to its local children's hospital and the mother would go and feed it there.

NO PREPARED BABY FOODS

NORMAL babies were fed every three hours from 6 a.m. till midnight, and underweight babies every two hours.

Babies were brought to the wards on a trolley holding two dozen.

Each baby had a label round the neck with a number which corresponded to its mother's bed.

As I was in the ward for more than a week I saw 16 other patients, and they all fed their babies themselves.

I was told by a doctor that cases of mothers unable to feed their babies are rare, but when this occurs the clinic arranges for them to receive human milk and also makes cow's milk available cheaply. No prepared babies' foods can be bought in the Soviet Union.

Babies are kept tightly wrapped up. They wear a little cotton shirt, a napkin, a large square of cotton material which comes over their heads like a nun's veil, a blanket which envelops them like a papoose and a cotton quilt wrapped round everything else.

As my baby was rather small he also had a wad of cotton wool over his head.

From the time he was born until he was undressed to put on his own clothes to go home I never saw his hands, feet or ears, and the hospital disapproved of our British baby clothes and Shetland shawls, which they thought far too thin.

Relations between patients and staff in the maternity home were amusing to anyone with experience of British hospitals, where the staff still has the upper hand and is secretive about temperature and treatments.

CAME FROM ALL WALKS

HERE a patient's symptoms were looked on as the property of the whole ward, who would often advise a patient to disregard the treatment prescribed.

The patients in my ward came from all walks of life. There was a house-painter, a doctor who was the daughter of a well-known doctor, a school teacher, a student translator in English (unfortunately, she found it impossible to understand), and several housewives. So far as I saw, I received exactly the same treatment as any other Russian woman sent to that hospital.

My main difficulty was sleep. Russians appear to be able to do without it—or, at least, to rely on cat naps of a few minutes at a time.

The day after I got home a sister came from the local child welfare clinic. Then a doctor, who gave me a prescription for a "baby's outfit" from the chemist.

This consisted of a thermometer, two rubber teats, two pipettes, a large square of muslin, a square of mackintosh, two gauze bandages, a packet of boracic acid powder, another of permanganate of potash crystals, and a tube of vaseline—all very well packed in a wooden box. I continued to take the baby regularly to the clinic until I left Moscow for the country.

While we were away he developed a cough, and I brought him back to see the doctor at the clinic, and she diagnosed "grippe." She thought he would be better in hospital, and went to ring up the children's section of the First Moscow Medical Institute.

THE TRUTH UNVARNISHED

WHILE she was phoning baby suddenly collapsed and stopped breathing, and she came racing down the corridor and revived him with artificial respiration.

As it was then clear that he was extremely ill, she arranged for him to go at once to the local children's hospital, situated across a courtyard from the clinic. Double pneumonia was diagnosed.

This hospital, the Savvolsky, is a small one of 60 beds for children under three years old. There were three doctors—an elderly and a youngish Jewess and a Russian woman of about 30. If they had not been competent and determined my baby would certainly have died, as he frequently collapsed and stopped breathing—as often as 12 times in 24 hours.

I also saw three different sisters in his ward who were friendly and kind, but practically untrained by British standards.

Two days later Professor Y. F. Dombrowsky, of the First Moscow Medical Institute, was called in. She was a very good children's specialist—so good, in fact, that she had been to two parties, to meet Mrs Churchill.

She held out no false hopes—like all Russian doctors, she gave the unvarnished truth—but had the baby moved to the children's section of the First Moscow Medical Institute, which was equipped with all the best in the Soviet Union. I went to live there, too, as I was feeding him every two hours.

This hospital appeared to be well equipped—mostly American goods. But there were British sunlight lamps and Canadian Red Cross overalls. Everything was referred to as an "American present," and there was some surprise when I pointed out that Slough, England (on one of the lamps), was not in the U.S.A.

Chief doctor was a red-haired Crimean Jewess of 45 called Byela Benediktovna Krechmer—and to her more than to any other individual was my baby's recovery due.

She hardly left the hospital day or night for about a week, put off her leave till he was out of danger, and eventually diagnosed his and my whooping cough, which was such a puzzling feature of the case.

At one stage she dived down his throat with a rubber catheter and sucked up pneumococcal phlegm into her own mouth—quoting Richard Cœur de Lion as a precedent for such methods.

Oxygen was always available in a convenient "cushion," and artificial respiration—which had to be resorted to frequently—was efficiently carried out by the doctors.

Three blood transfusions were carried out, and he was also given glucose intravenously, and on five occasions some of my blood intramuscularly, as I had just recovered from whooping cough.

It was perhaps typical of the dramatic methods of Russian doctoring that after Krechmer had restored the baby to life innumerable times by artificial respiration, she failed to diagnose an attack of wind, and he nearly died because there was not room for his diaphragm to function.

The nurses were a mixed lot. They ranged from raw country girls to a refined woman who told me she was an economist, but hospital hours suited her. The standard was low.

There was also a serious lack of continuity, as the nurses worked 24 hours at a stretch and then had 48 hours off.

ROUTINE IS NOT SOULLESS

MOTHERS were expected to help nurse very ill babies, and arrangements were made for them to live in the hospital. Without them it is difficult to see how serious cases which needed watching all the time could have been cared for.

State medicine had not resulted in any soul-destroying routine in that hospital. Babies were fed and treatments were carried out, but nothing ever happened at the same time two days running or within an hour of when it was supposed to.

After about three weeks my baby was discharged. I made no direct payment to the Polyclinic for Scientific Workers, maternally home, welfare clinic or children's hospital.

When I returned to Britain I took my baby to a specialist at Great Ormond-street Children's Hospital. He assured me he had made a complete recovery and that he must have been extremely well cared for to have survived.

The only aftermath of his illness is a tendency for his mother to spit over her shoulder—Russian fashion. I keep off evil spirits—when assuring inquirers that he is now quite well.

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NEXT SATURDAY

The children—how they are reared and educated.

Of the many things that he saw during six years as a war correspondent, ALAN MOOREHEAD tells two of the strangest stories:

THE BEETLES AND THE BODIES

I PROPOSE to regale you here with two stories which intrigued me more than any other in the whole course of the war.

You will find them trivial, no doubt, hardly more than incidents with local colour; but for me they have a singular beauty, a weird sort of mystery, and probably some deep psychological importance as well, though you can never be sure about that.

They concern beetles and bodies at the bottom of the sea.

One day in the desert, when the war hung fire and the conquest of Tripoli was like some distant and receding mirage on the horizon, infinitely remote in space and time, three soldiers came upon a line of beetles walking through the sand.

They walked heads down, nose to tail, utterly absorbed and eating as they went whatever it is that beetles eat.

NO beetle of independent spirit ever stepped out of line; one and all they followed the leader wherever he chose to go. And it was remarkable that the leading beetle was no different in shape or size or colour from all the other beetles.

The soldiers observed this phenomenon for a time and then went about their duties of the day. When they returned in the evening they

found the beetles still plodding forward in Indian file in the direction of the Atlas Mountains, which was, at that time, the same direction as the Eighth Army was taking.

And it was evident that neither the passage of armies nor the crash of high explosives had interfered in the slightest way with this immemorial habit of the beetles—a habit that they had probably pursued since beyond the days when Cambyzes and Alexander the Great himself were campaigning in the desert.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

ONE of the soldiers argued: "Now, if we disturb this habit, if we direct the leading beetle on to the tail of the last beetle, will they not go round and round until they die of starvation?"

The experiment was begun the following morning. In the evening the soldiers hurried back and saw with astonishment that the beetles were still tramping round and round in a circle. On the second day the circle still persisted, though one or two beetles were growing groggy.

On the third day one beetle had fallen out through exhaustion and starvation; immediately the other beetles had closed the gap.

On the fourth day three more beetles collapsed and fell, definitely and dazedly, the survivors kept by their march round and round in the sand. On the fifth day the circle had shrunk by half, but still they staggered on.

On the sixth day the soldiers themselves had to break camp and move on. They went to that part of the circle of insects, and, detaching one, set him off in a new direction across the sand. Immediately the others followed, and soon they were feeding on new pastures, regaining their strength, redoubling in size and colour.

The moral: that most creatures will blindly follow any leader anywhere.

THE DIVER'S STORY

IT was the practice, as Montgomery's armies proceeded along the northern coast of Europe, to send down divers to explore the bottom of the sea in order to locate the wrecks of British motor torpedo boats and other craft which had gallantly preceded the armies into these places and met disaster there.

One day, in Belgium, a diver descended to such a ship on the bottom. This was a German vessel. As he crawled through the grey and slimy wreck estimating the possibility of salvage he saw the grisly thing that divers sometimes see: the bodies of the crew lying like ghosts among the steel plates and the broken rusting guns.

AS he turned to go they rose and silently followed him. A current set up by the diver's movement drew them up from their resting places, and they followed him out of the wreck and along the soft floor of the sea.

Shocked and distressed, he changed direction. They changed direction too.

He stopped. They clustered round him, touching him. He went on. They followed; faster as he went faster, slower as he slowed. He stopped. They reached out to him again.

Frankly tugging at his rope he was drawn at last to the surface of the sea.

I find no moral in this last: only a cold reflection that there is no end to the infinite horror of a war.

By "CANDIDUS"

When Will War Claims Be Met?

IT was during the final phase of the Battle for Hongkong that I listened to a broadcast from an American spokesman assuring his nationals in the Far East that when the hour of reckoning arrived, America would exact full compensation for the losses sustained by her people caught up in the net of Japanese aggression.

Although not directly concerned, the message consoled me in the thought that the British Government also would protect its people who were experiencing like suffering and loss.

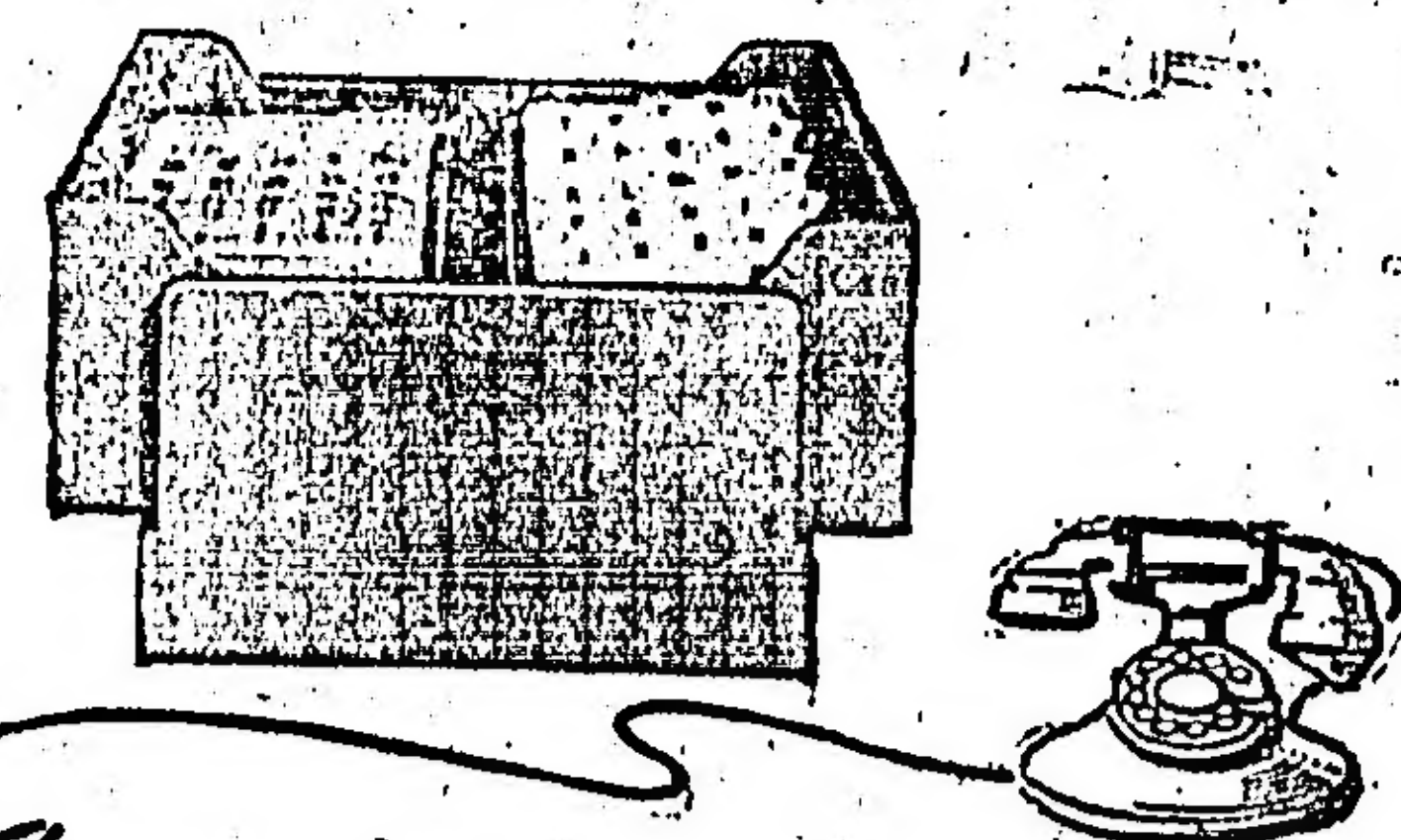
The American promise is evidently being implemented, for a recent news message stated that General MacArthur had received instructions from his Government to take steps immediately to secure reparations from Japan. While it may well be that MacArthur is acting for the Allies, the fact remains that we British subjects in Hongkong have so far received little assurance that our claims will be met. It is true that a year or so ago, a form was issued inviting us to state our claims, but as far as I am aware, Government has never held out the slightest hope that claims will be met. On the contrary, for some unknown reason, the very filing in of a claim is believed to be a mere formality.

IT is surely time that somebody took up the matter with a view to recognising the fact that thousands of British subjects in Hongkong (and elsewhere in the Far East) are today practically penniless as the direct result of Japanese aggression. There seems the issue of a deliberate desire to cloud the issue by stating at every possible opportunity that Hongkong has recovered remarkably well from the effects of the war, and that prosperity, if not fully established, is at least just around the corner. There is a considerable amount of new wealth amassed by those who not only collaborated during the war, but who have since waxed fat in black market activities. Against all such are the thousands who carried on honourably during the occupation, and who lost their all during or because of the war.

From small factories and businesses to the larger industrial undertakings, from the staid respectability of the staid of furniture, the same story applies, and the same need has arisen.

BRITISH subjects have very justly and properly claims, and Government is woefully failing in its duty if it is not fully alive to its responsibility and pressing the Home

Government very strongly in the matter. It is the absence of any official announcements or particulars of policy which create the feeling of uncertainty, and yet the matter is so obviously important, and of such very wide interest. Official silence is so exasperating. The people concerned are not here for a spell of duty; they are not provided with housing and do not look forward to pensions. They have lost heavily and rightly expect compensation.



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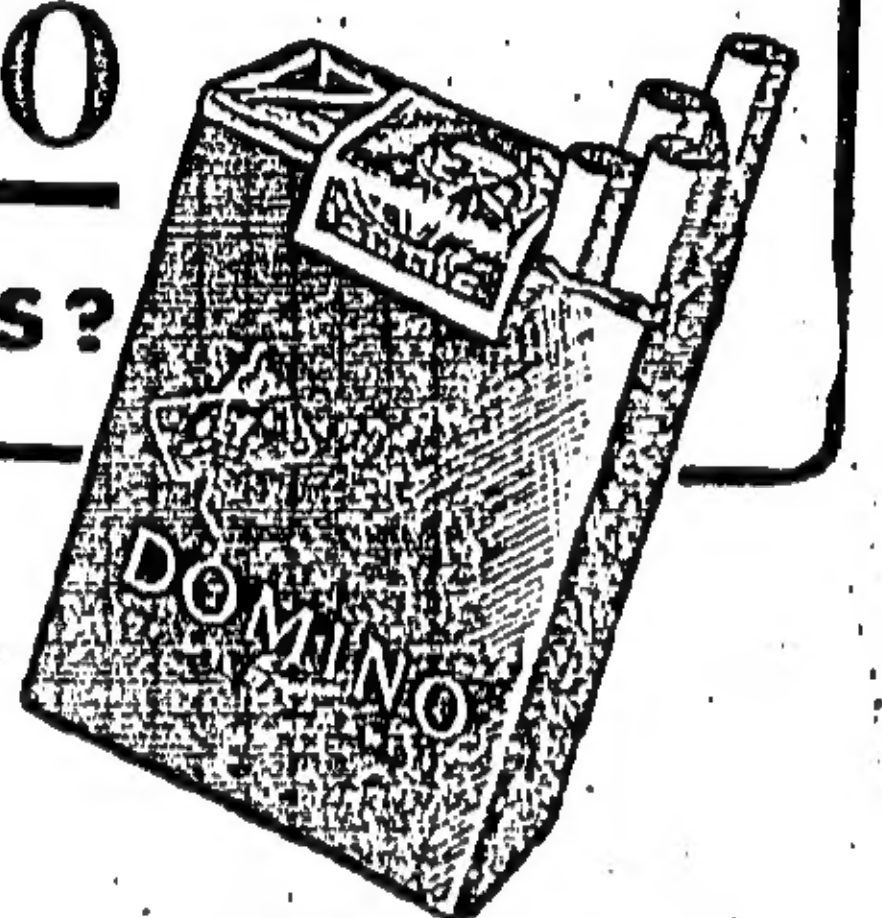
ments "unzip" instead of pull open—just with a flick of a finger. Contents are always in perfect alignment—index visibility instant. Employs standard-size cards—3 1/2 x 5 1/2, 4 x 6, 5 x 8. Olive green finish, or in genuine walnut. Come in and see this famous Rock-a-File card cabinet—you'll prize it as much as you do your telephone.

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FRANCO BENEFITED FROM ATTACKS ON HIS REGIME

By Henry Buckley

Providence was kinder to General Francisco Franco during 1946 than in the years immediately preceding it. From foreign attacks on his regime he has definitely benefited at home in that the attacks annoyed the middle and upper classes, which are the only ones at present in a position to change the regime.

The year 1946 opened ominously for the dictator, a large and influential section of Spain's conservative classes showing great enthusiasm for the restoration of the monarchy. Don Juan felt the situation far enough advanced for him to move from distant Lausanne to neighbouring Lisbon.

On the left wing, the main groups of Spain's resistance—the Socialists, Communists, Anarchists and Republicans—had at last formed a national alliance of democratic forces. Both the left and right opposition, without having official contact, had felters out and there was a certain amount of tacit understanding about a joint effort by all those opposing Generalissimo Franco to prepare one big push to unseat him.

But at the end of the year, the Monarchist issue was well in the background and the national alliance of the democratic forces was functioning with little vigour. Foreign observers might well wonder what events have brought about this decline in organised opposition to Franco and would find it hard to put their fingers on any single fact.

Certain obvious factors helped Franco: the bumper wheat harvest, good olive crops, rains which helped to mitigate drought, chauvinist passions so easily inflamed in Spain and fanned by constant attacks on the regime in the United Nations and elsewhere, sharp Communist gains in France and Italy.

Those are all factors which have helped. But probably the factor which has helped more than any other to maintain General Franco unshaken, is the fear of another civil war, which has played a leading role at every moment of crisis or doubt throughout the past year.

NEW FLYING BOATS FOR HONGKONG

The first of the Short flying boats, 12 of which have been ordered for the London-Hongkong "Dragon Route," has been launched. Already 21 Hythe class flying boats are in operation on Empire routes, and the addition of the Solent will help to meet the growing demand for a high performance flying boat.

Civil counterpart of the Seaford four-engined military flying-boat, the Solent is a 30-passenger aircraft powered by four Bristol Hercules engines, driving de Havilland propellers.

Both the Seaford and the Solent are developments of the famous Sunderland flying-boat and have considerably improved performance and load-carrying capacity. These improvements have been brought about by more powerful engines and by increasing the size of the planing bottom in order to permit a much higher take-off weight.

While the Solent is fitted with 30 seats, it can also be used for night flying, carrying 24 passengers in five cabins. The accommodation includes a lounge, a fully equipped kitchen, a bar and a promenade cabin.

Carrying 24 night passengers, the Solent can fly non-stop for 2,500 miles at a speed of 210 m.p.h.

A FILM STAR CUTS HER HAIR

By Patricia Clary

WHEN the average girl decides on a haircut, she steps into a chair at the beauty parlour, says "Cut it off about here," and in half an hour the job is done.

But a movie star's haircut is accompanied by as much confusion and ceremony as a presidential inauguration and is recorded by almost as many reporters and cameramen.

The procedure when Rita Hayworth switched from a long-haired redhead to a close-cropped blonde for her new picture, "The Lady from Shanghai," started with an appeal to Studio executives to okay the coiffure change.

Then artists sketched possible new hair styles from which one was chosen as suiting Miss Hayworth's features and her role.

After a scrutiny of various hair shades against the star's complexion, a shade called topaz blonde was selected.

Hair stylist Helen Hunt flew back in the middle of her New York honeymoon to perform the actual hair-cutting.

Newspaper, magazine, wire service and syndicate correspondents and photographers were called in to see "the most famous red hair in the world" fall to the barber shop floor.

While flash-bulbs exploded all around, Miss Hayworth got a preliminary trim, then a shampoo, bleach and permanent wave.

Miss Hunt went to work with the clippers again until she achieved the "cinema swirl".

When it was all over, Rita rushed out and bought a half-dozen new hats for private wear.—United Press.

Minute Make-up
by GABRIELLE



A wonderful new colour is appearing in hats, scarves and blouses. It's a deeply glowing Tangerine and it looks beautiful in velvet and to very shiny satin. But watch your lipstick—it must match!

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

FASHIONS FOR THE REASONABLE WOMAN

Giving a new style to an old frock

by CAROLINE FOX

LET'S get down to earth about fashion. "High fashion" may be stimulating to read about, but it is apt to be dispiriting when considered in terms of cash and coupons.

A bird of paradise may sweep elegantly up to crown a 60-guinea model evening dress, but it would droop dejectedly above last year's made-over!

Fortunately, this season's fashions are very adaptable to the needs of the reasonable woman.

Swathing the hips

HIPS are swathed . . . what easier than to take a 12-inch-wide length of black crepe or velvet or satin and swathe it around the waist of a favourite "little black dress," rounding the folds over one hip and tying the ends in a giant bow on the other?

Sleeves are often deeply cuffed . . . so long, loose sleeves can be turned back into a cuff, thereby achieving the new above-the-wrist length; and long, tight sleeves can be either ruffled up or cut off above the wrist and gathered into a band.

Necklines are squared or cut into a deep V . . . an adaptation which is easily made from the plain round necklines which are familiar on wartime afternoon frocks.

Treasures in braid

COATS and Suits have trimming of braid . . . Why, then, a sortie into the furnishing department of any large store should yield treasures of narrow, furnishing braid, fringe or bobbles, with which to edge pockets, cuffs and revers.

Tweed trams with velvet in country suits or frocks . . . Many a wilted garment can be rejuvenated by brand-new sleeves or even complete front of velvet; or merely by collar and patch pockets.

Fur trimmings are back but are not over-lavish . . . A band cut off the length of a too-long fur coat can be made into patch pockets and button coverings for a plain cloth coat; or into a buckled belt from which hang loose fur pockets like purses—a very new note, this.

Belts are highly original . . . and simple to make. A leather or chamois belt may match big leather-covered buttons; a fabric belt may fasten with outside metal hooks and eyes, or with ordinary padlock and key, the key hanging by a little chain off the belt!

Ideas from the moors

A YOUNG designer from Scotland has emerged with . . . a cult-length evening dress of cream wool lace, its bosom threaded with black velvet ribbons, which also tie around ankle and throat.



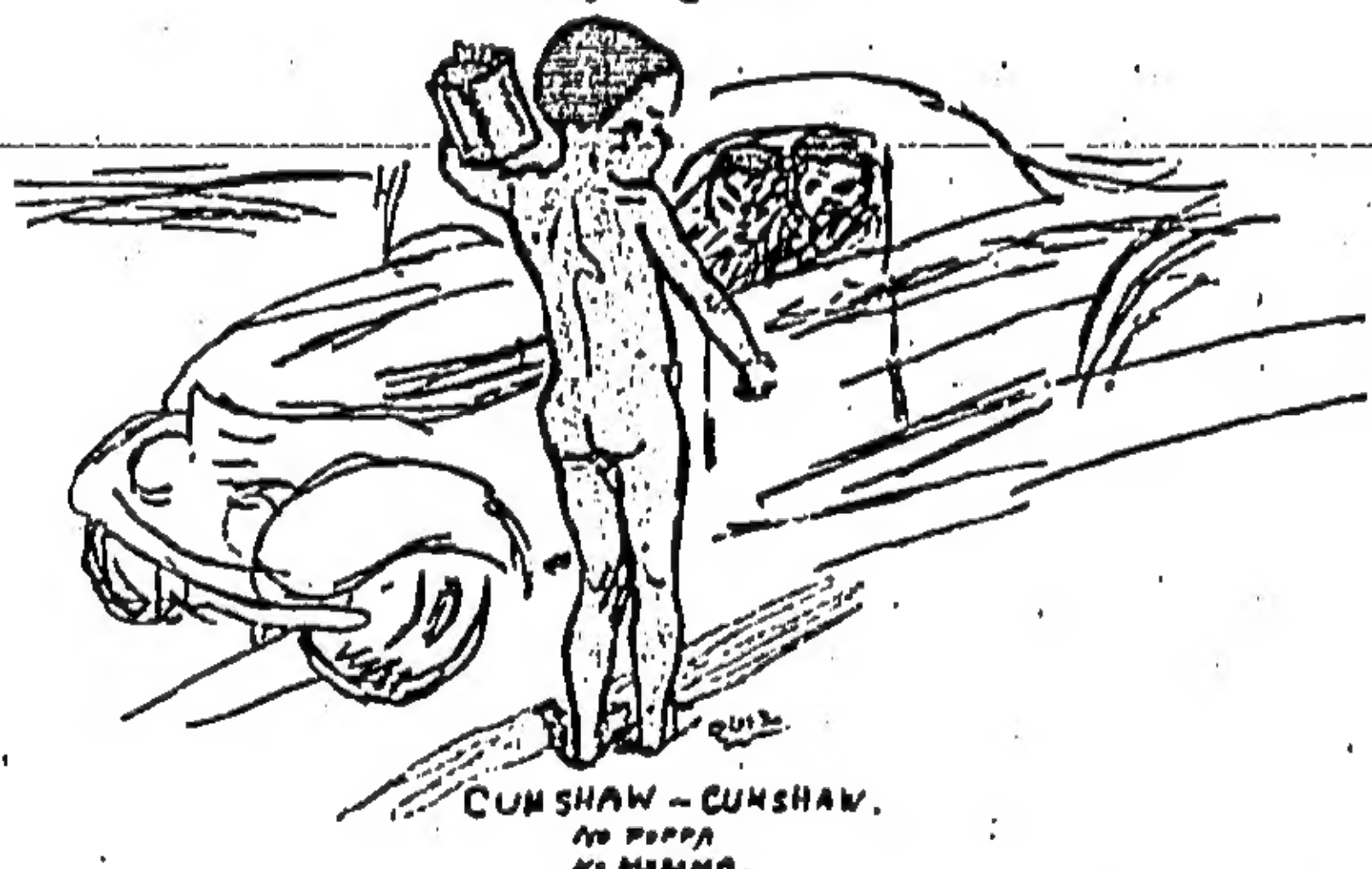
High neck cut down to a low heart shape; long sleeves ruffled to new length; satin swathing around the hips brings last year's dress into this year's line.

A black velvet sheath of a dress that has a basque, pink lined and wired to look like the petals of a rose; it can also be taken off and worn as a cape . . . a vernal white chiffon gown, swathed and clinging and garlanded with white blossoms around throat and shoulders.

A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW:

CHINESE CONTRASTS

By QUIZ



SOME weeks ago I saw a small Chinese boy—a bronze cupid, beautifully formed, of about four years old, innocent of all clothes, even a fig leaf. His cumshaw tin was poised on one shoulder, and he threaded a carefree way through the maze of traffic in a main thoroughfare.

I was tickled by the little chap's complete self-possession and amused by the contrast his state of nature made to the high-powered limousines that threatened his cool nonchalance.

ANOTHER contrast I saw in a field beside the coast road. A very primitive plough, pushed by a Chinese peasant and drawn by a water buffalo, turned the soil—and took the picture back to an earlier age, many centuries from the car that flashed by the scene.

And another! The junks—their sails veined and faded brown like the skeleton leaves of winter, tinted and patterned like moths' wings, forming a moving frieze against a background of sea, sky and grey-green hills.

Some of the junks were moored inshore. Quite small they seemed—a remnant of stretched tarpaulin or woven rushes across the well of the boat giving scant protection from the elements.

IN complete contrast to this restricted living space, more and more people emerged from the tiny interior. Grandmother, Papa, Mama, Small Fleece Son, Smaller Fleece Daughter—not forgetting "Smallest Fleece"—squalling lustily from a wooden cradle hung in the bows. All the while, from an overcrowded

hen-coop, fowls squawked irritably in the stern.

It seems as incredible as the "hat trick" that from birth to death these families of fisherfolk live out their crowded lives in these small dark brown hulks, barely twenty feet long.

AS I lay on the sand enjoying the sparkling blue cleanliness of sky and sea, another strange contrast forced itself to my notice. A coolie woman with a bamboo across her shoulders, from which hung two shallow wooden scoops, shuffled into view. She bent down and picked up an empty tin stranded by the tide, and as she passed me the clean air was cut by an appalling stench which emanated from her noisome treasure trove. This automation and her horrid burden contrasted vividly with the clear clean beauty of the scene; and I pondered what sort of a living death had caused her to become this dull-eyed scavenger. With her exit, the air regained its freshness. I could breathe again.

TO me, China seems to have a flair for contrasts. Aged-old customs against raw newness. An ancient matured civilisation beside an almost stone-age primitiveness.

Great wisdom versus folly—and so much cruelty.

Rich, luxurious ways of life, side by side with unbelievable squalor and poverty.

Fine workmanship and artistic creation on the one hand, and on the other vandalism and wanton destructiveness.

Although I have only touched on the outer fringe of the many contrasting mysteries of China, I have come under the spell that beckons on to a deeper knowledge and understanding of this strange, alluring land.

BEAUTY ARTS

By LOIS LEEDS



Posed for Lois Leeds.

Walk as if you wore a diadem and balance an imaginary cloak about your shoulders!

RELAX-EXERCISING!

"Walk just as if you were wearing a high diadem of jewels and a swinging cloak of velvet," says Claire Mann, the famous exponent of Relax-exercising! Claire Mann is a teacher of creative body proportioning and she says that you must "Take off pounds and inches in the right places in an enjoyable, lazy way."

All of the exercises must be done while you are listening to music; soft strains which give you Peace and Poise. The music serves to create mental pictures. This makes the actual exercising attractive and the tired woman will feel renewed both mentally and physically.

This is a completely new idea of musical therapy as applied to body proportioning.

Before beginning your exercises in the musical atmosphere, wear an attractive outfit and drink a cup of peppermint tea and eat an orange. We all know that mental exhaustion leads to physical fatigue and often to overweight. And even when women are just mentally bored, they are also in need of physical Relax-exercising.

"Deep breathing," says Claire Mann, "is so important! You must relax and you must lose your nervous tension by emptying the mind. Then, breathing deeply, with long, smooth inhalations and exhalations," must be practiced.

In our great rush to get here and there (and often nowhere!) we have lost our Poise and the important art of calm, unhurried walking. This new idea of soft music, to which you do NOT keep time, establishes a calm, relieved-from-excitement atmosphere, which should help! Try it!

ELABORATE COSTUMES

The most expensive of Hollywood's new films show a definite trend toward elaborate costumes. Silk, satin brocades and laces are being used in profusion.

Katharine Hepburn, for instance, will wear more than 6,000 yards of material during the filming of "A Love Story"—not at once, of course, but in a succession of voluminous gowns designed for the scenes in which she appears.

Her negligees are worn over six starched petticoats, and the wedding gown for her screen marriage to Paul Henreid has 95 yards of embroidery alone.

Linda Darnell, in the picture "Forever Amber," will wear several gowns which weigh nearly 40 pounds apiece! When Kathryn Grayson sings the famous bell song from "Lakme" in the film "It Happened in Brooklyn," she will wear 25 pounds of beads.

Costumes for Lana Turner in the picture "Green Dolphin Street" necessitated 5,000 yards of satins, velvets and failles from the wardrobe stocks at the studios.—Associated Press.

FROM MAYFAIR

TO HONG KONG
This week we would like to tell you something about the Gainsborough Studio which may help you to decide where to have your next portrait taken.

We have a large and well-equipped studio, excellent cameras and the finest lighting equipment—it was possible to get in England.

Of our photographic ability we shall say nothing, preferring to let the quality of our work speak for itself. But perhaps we might mention that during the past year we have had training in two of the best studios in the West End of London.

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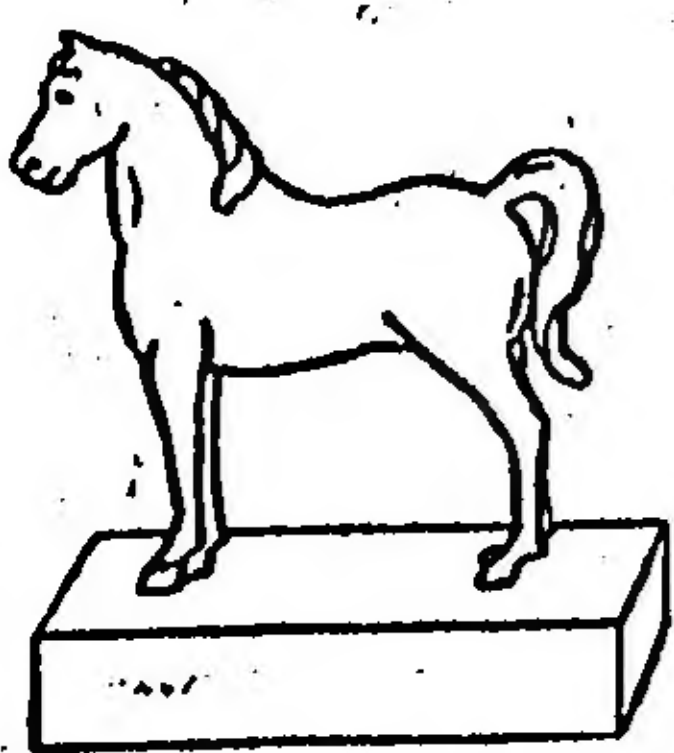
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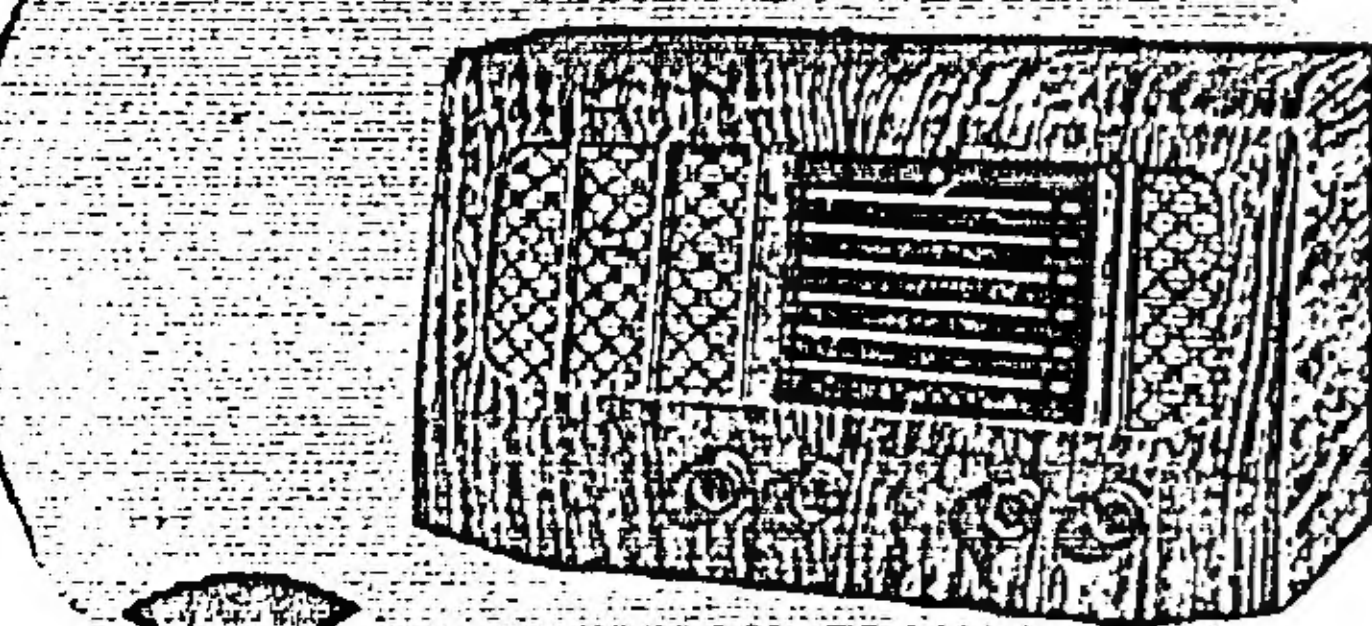
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THE PARKERS

by HODGES



A Short Story

by SIMON CASTLE

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

HE walked in the shadows and counted the street lights as he went. He walked warily, and always in the shadows, and counted the lights because he must have something to occupy his mind. He was going to see Push Malone; he was going to talk to Push about a woman, and he knew Push would try to kill him.

FIFTEEN—sixteen—seventeen. He walked steadily in the shadows, and the lights came to meet him, flickered briefly, and died behind him. They were not street lights, but lives. That was all life was. A light powered by some unknown force which illuminated everything for a short time and then, when the power was suddenly extinguished, flickered and went out. From darkness to darkness, and the little time in between was life.

Freddie Lunden had been like that. His brief life had been bright and gay, then Push Malone came to see him, and they talked about a woman, and the light had gone out for Freddie.

Twenty—twenty-one. The woman came to him, and she was sobbing, but there were no tears in her eyes.

"They got him, Bill," she said. He looked at her and did not speak.

"Push Malone came," she said woodenly. "He came and said he

wanted me, and Freddie laughed and said he had to fight for what he wanted, so Push shot him; he didn't even take the gun out of his pocket; he didn't even give Freddie a chance."

He looked at her, and when he spoke his voice was flat. "Freddie was a fool; I told him not to get mixed up with you."

He rose stiffly to his feet and buckled a shoulder strap so the pistol fitted snugly under his left arm, then put on his coat.

"You are no good," he said. "You should have got the slug." She trembled slightly and half turned.

He said, "I don't want you in my way to-night." He pushed a whisky bottle at her; there was a little fluid in the bottom. "Drink this." She drank it and grimaced.

"You will go to the police station on the corner," she said, "and throw the bottle through the window. That will take care of you for to-night."

"But, Bill," she gasped. He sneered at her. "You wouldn't want Push to get you before I find him, would you?"

She shivered and took the bottle off the table. "All right."

She walked out the door and down the steps to the street, and he waited in the shadows until she had thrown the bottle through the window and had been taken inside.

TWENTY-FIVE—twenty-six. It was a long way to walk, but he was not in a hurry.

Push apparently did not think he was coming, or someone would have met him before this. He smiled thinly in the darkness. Maybe, if he admitted it, that was the reason he had chosen to walk. So he might get an excuse to pump a slug into one of them. Like Freddie got his.

Twenty-nine. He was a young fool, and he had paid for it. But his foolishness had often proved valuable and now someone else was going to pay. There was a sudden scuffle in an alleyway, and hard metal was in his hand as he pressed against the wall. This was it, this was when some rat got a bellyful.

There was another scuffle and a big black cat darted across his feet. Strange how his movements were always so stiff after sudden action or shock. His lips curled slightly as he slipped the automatic back into its holster. Cats meant good luck, or bad luck, he couldn't remember. It did not matter much; if something was good luck for one it was bad for another.

HE passed three more lights and turned to mount narrow steps. This was the front entrance, so it was never watched. The door opened easily to the first key he tried, and he closed it quietly and softly ascended more steps. The second door from the landing showed a streak of light from the bottom, and the three men sitting around a table littered with cards and money did not know he was inside until he spoke.

"Holding all the aces, Push? All five of them?"

Three pairs of eyes jumped to the door, and the small, bald man's hand started a swift movement to his side. The hand stopped as his eyes completed their arc and saw arms folded easily across a chest with the right hand hidden beneath the coat.

"I always said you were smart, Push," the even voice said, "but not as smart as a woman."

The small man snarled, "What do you want?" He was watching Push closely. "I want you, Push. A woman came to me to-night and said how you killed Freddie."

"It's a lie," growled Malone. "I can prove I wasn't all night." "I know it is a lie," the man called Bill said calmly. "But you were there, and I can say it so you get life."

Sudden beads of perspiration appeared on Push Malone's forehead. "It's a frame-up," he shouted. "Sure I was there, but she done it. I could not stop her. I said, 'You'll swing for this' and she said 'Not me, Push. Not me.' Then she said she was starting to make trouble on account of she was wanting to come back to me, and she had to get rid of him."

Skipping all possibly invidious comparisons, one thing is certain—South did not play the hand well. There were two logical plans of play. The best percentage was to finesse the opening heart lead, despite the singleton in the closed hand. If the finesse lost, declarer could with the to-be-expected club return lead to the diamond ace, discard a diamond on the heart ace, then safely ruff out the diamond suit for a club discard.

The other sound plan was to win the first trick with the heart ace, then cash the diamond ace and concede a diamond. Declarer would then of course put up the club ace if East shifted to that suit, after which he would enter dummy with a trump and ruff a diamond to establish the suit, while he still had another trump entry in dummy.

Children's Corner

Conducted by Uncle Peter

An Unpopular Queen

I will tell you a few things about the beautiful queen of France whom everybody hated. She was Marie Antoinette, the spendthrift queen, and her story is a sad one.

The daughter of Maria Theresa and Francis I of Austria, she was married at an early age to the Dauphin of France, who later became Louis XVI. But the French people never loved her. Yet when one considers her ill-concealed contempt for any but the nobility, her amazing extravagance and appetite for luxury, her semi-tragic influence over the policy of her husband-king—it is only to be expected that she should receive little respect from her subjects.

Her unpopularity was a minor cause of the French Revolution. At the outset she was thrown into prison, where she immediately made matters worse by trying to persuade Austria to invade France.

She was convicted and executed. Marie Antoinette was beautiful and brave. At her trial she defended herself with skill and power. Even on her way to the guillotine she maintained a marvellous composure and queenly dignity.

She was born in 1755, and executed in 1793.

Test Your Brains

This week I am giving you some exercises to test your brains. Try to work out the following problems, and then compare the answers given on Page 10.

1. How many times in the course of a day does the minute hand of a watch overtake the hour hand?
2. A and B are two towns at a distance of 10 miles from each other. Y and Z are two cyclists who travel at the rate of 10 miles per hour. Y starts from A to B at the same time as Z starts from B to A. All the time that they are cycling a fly flies at the rate of 40 miles per hour from one to the other to and fro until they meet. How far does the fly fly before the cyclists meet?

According To Culbertson

(Copyright, 1946, by Ely Culbertson)

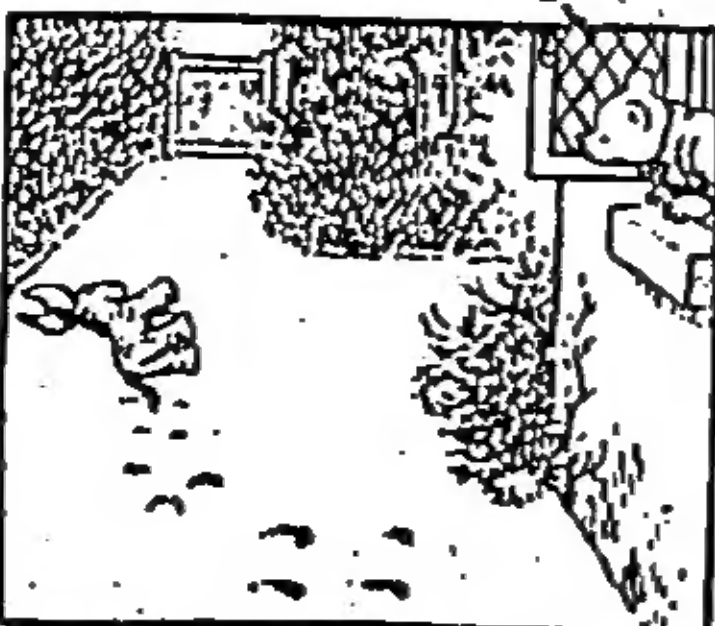
"Dear Mr Culbertson: In last night's game I was accused of booting a slam all over the room. This was the deal:
North, dealer.
East-West vulnerable.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A J		♠ 10	
♥ A Q		♥ J 10 7 4 2	
♦ A Q 8 7 5 3 2		♦ K 9 6 5 3	
♣ 10		♣ K 7 6 2	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ 7 3		♠ K Q 9 8 6 5 4 2	
♥ K 9 6 5 3		♥ 10	
♦ K 9 5 4 3		♦ 8 4	
♣ A J		♣ 10	

This bidding:
North ♠ 1 diamond ♠ 3 spades ♠ 4 hearts ♠ 5 clubs ♠ 6 no trump
East ♠ 1 spade ♠ 2 hearts ♠ 3 diamonds ♠ 4 clubs ♠ 5 no trump
South ♠ 1 diamond ♠ 2 hearts ♠ 3 diamonds ♠ 4 clubs ♠ 5 no trump
West ♠ 1 spade ♠ 2 hearts ♠ 3 diamonds ♠ 4 clubs ♠ 5 no trump

"West's opening was a low heart. I put up the ace, drew two rounds of trumps, ending in my own hand, then took the diamond finesse. If the finesse held I was home; if it didn't I still might get a break in the

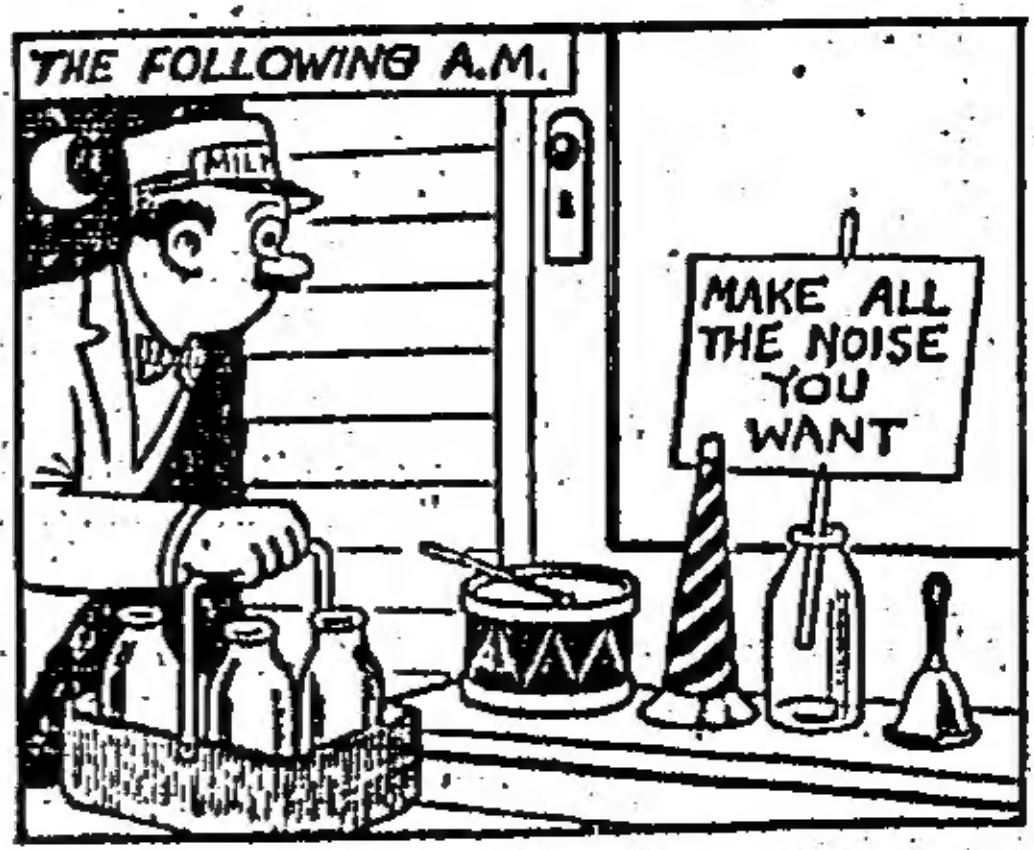
Rupert and Ninky—18



Pulling himself together Rupert runs to the window, climbs on a chair and leans out. Ninky has landed on his feet, taken three or four more jumps and then fallen over on his side in the snow. "This is just stupid," says Rupert. "How did he do that? If he was alive he wouldn't topple over and lie there like that." "What's happened," says Bill's voice from within the room. But Rupert doesn't wait to answer. He scrambles over the windowsill, drops down and runs to Ninky.

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NANCY This Evens Everything



By Ernie Bushmiller

When You Feel Tired
and Restless

take
Elliott's Nerve
and
Brain Tonic

On Sale at All Dispensaries

Are You Sure?

Answers on Page 10

1. Tutch is—
A new baby car, illegal Jewish Army, Iranian political party?
2. The Queen Elizabeth made her first Atlantic crossing in—
3, 4, 5, 6, 7 days?
3. Which is the heavier—
Petrol or water?
4. Alredale? No, but a Bellian terrier. What breed?



5. How many spelling mistakes here—
Economy, abscess, gargyle, blatant interpreter?
6. An average 24 ster is employed in—
Cricket, surveying, banking, insurance, naval gunnery?
7. The Great Lakes are in—
Canada, U.S.A., Central America, Newfoundland?
8. In which years did these horses win the English Derby
(a) Mahmoud, (b) Ocean Swell, (c) Mid-Day Sun, (d) Sansouvier?

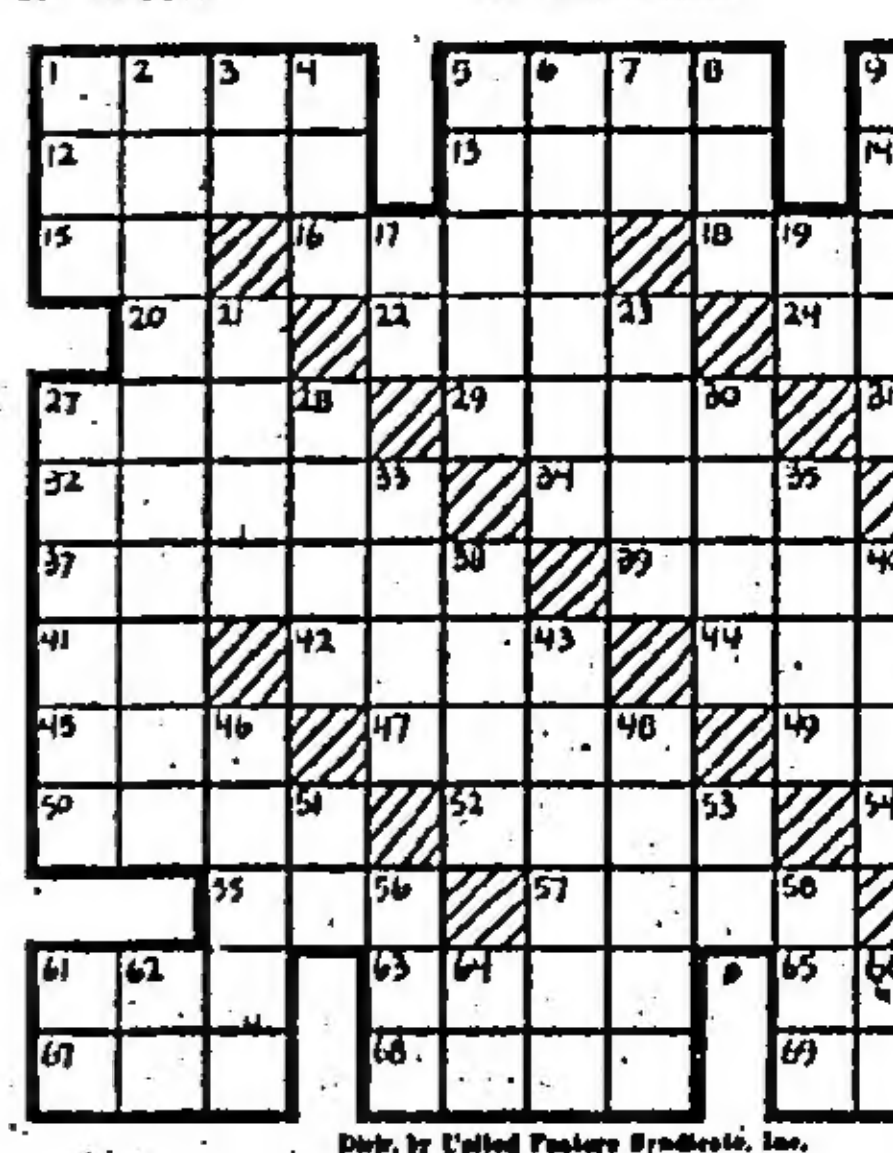
SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- 1—Came to life
 - 2—Mixture
 - 3—Cow's cry
 - 4—Made
 - 5—Hence (clang)
 - 6—What writer uses
 - 7—Fruit down
 - 8—Puney people
 - 9—What sun gives
 - 10—Super fabric
 - 11—Goes down
 - 12—Imperfect speech
 - 13—Indians
 - 14—Clears
 - 15—Spill
 - 16—Military attack
 - 17—Goes to sleep
 - 18—French article
 - 19—Smaller
 - 20—Happen



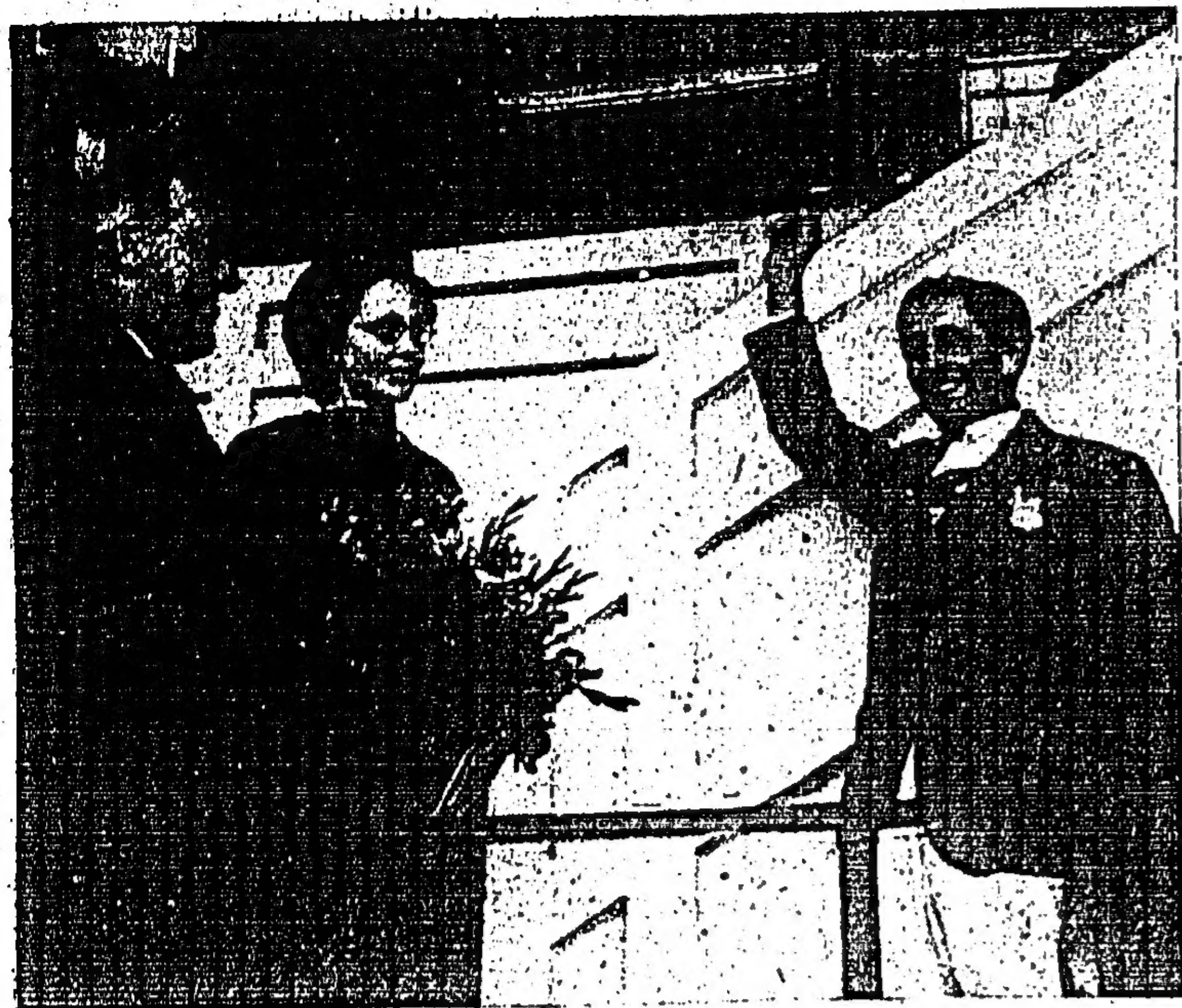
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
- | | | |
|---------|--------|------|
| GAG | TANGO | LAG |
| ORE | RIGOR | AGE |
| DANGER | RANDOM | |
| DAY | OGLED | |
| SPECIAL | EVIL | |
| LARGE | OVERSE | |
| LOBBY | REPAIR | |
| CRISP | DAWN | YES |
| KENT | SUMMER | |
| DENTS | SMALL | |
| SPIRIT | REAR | PILL |
| OKAY | ARTIST | OPEN |
| DON | RESTS | MEN |

- DOWN
- 1—Place to sleep
 - 2—Specific job
 - 3—Musical note
 - 4—Recent
 - 5—Protest
 - 6—Fired
 - 7—Within
 - 8—Kiln
 - 9—Smallest liquid measure
 - 10—Upon
 - 11—Sign of approval
 - 12—Estate
 - 13—Albert
 - 14—Look over
 - 15—Cut with
 - 16—Most dish
 - 17—Trips
 - 18—Long seat
 - 19—Roasting stick
 - 20—Club forth
 - 21—Spooky
 - 22—Highlander
 - 23—Highway
 - 24—Gren Grading
 - 25—Dead
 - 26—Time added to lunar calendar
 - 27—Robert Clark
 - 28—Vill
 - 29—Now British verb
 - 30—Over sport
 - 31—Bolt
 - 32—On
 - 33—Faint
 - 34—Inch-wide article
 - 35—Child's word for toilet
 - 36—Pervious

Drawn by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

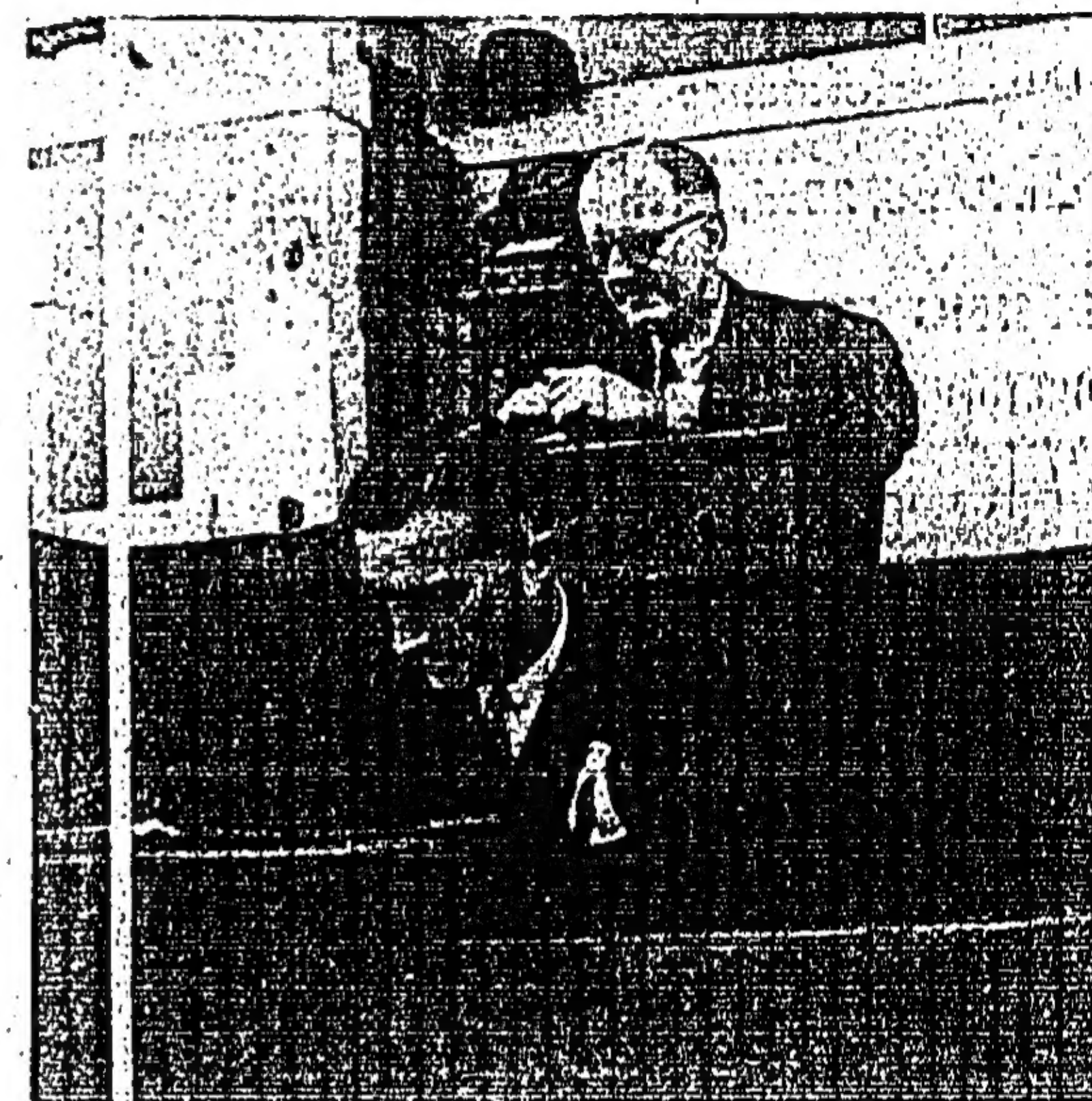
FIRST POSTWAR RACING CARNIVAL



Racing, always a popular sport in Hongkong, was resumed at Happy Valley under the aegis of the Jockey Club this week. At left, Mr P. S. Francis snapped while leading cheers for the ladies, after being presented with the Ladies' Purse by Miss Nora Young, daughter of HE the Governor. The chairman of the Stewards, the Hon. Mr A. Morso, is also seen in the picture. Photo on the right shows the GOC, Major-General G. W. E. J. Erskine, with Commodore Everett and a friend. Some well-known residents are seen in the picture below—Mr C. Bell, Mr and Mrs D. J. Gilmore and Mr and Mrs Spooner. (Photos: Ming Yuen).



MR DANIEL H. LAM and his bride, formerly Miss Juanita Dec, photographed after their wedding last Saturday at St John's Cathedral. (Photo: Ming Yuen).



Judge at the Jockey Club's annual meeting, Mr W. T. Stanton (in foreground), with assistant judge Mr H. A. Greig. (Photo: Ming Yuen).



ENGINEER WEDS—Picture above shows Mr Lu Yung Cheh, engineer of the Chinese Ministry of Economics, and his bride, formerly Miss Kao Pi Yau, and their attendants. (Photo: Ming Yuen).



INTERNATIONAL RUGBY—Scotland's team, which defeated a combined Ireland-Wales team at Happy Valley last week. (Photo: Golden Studio).

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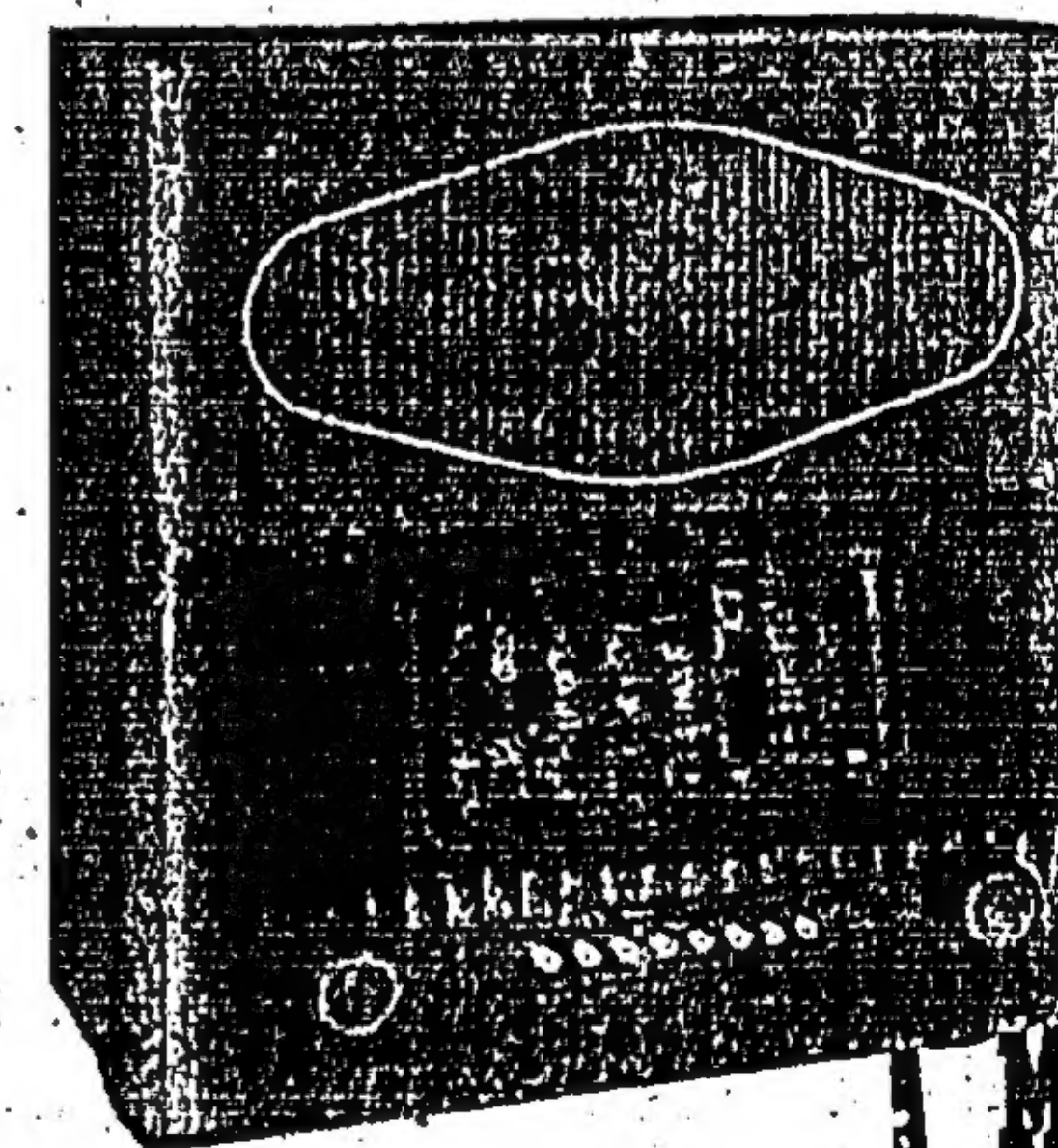
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On Jan. 22nd, 23rd, 24th

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TOGETHER AND TERRIFIC
VAN JOHNSON
Esther Williams
THRILL OF A
ROMANCE
AN
M-G-M
HIT
MELCHIOR
DORSEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
with FRANCES GIFFORD - HENRY TRAVERS
SPRING BYINGTON

WATCH FOR THE
OPENING DATE

NOTICE

HONGKONG/AUSTRALIAN FREIGHT CONFERENCE

The Public are hereby notified that all Receiving, Storing and Delivery charges which have hitherto been paid by Steamship Companies will be for Consignees account in respect of all vessels commencing to load in Australia on and after the 15th January 1947.

NOTICE

FAR EASTERN FREIGHT CONFERENCE

The Public are hereby notified that all Receiving, Storing and Delivery charges which have hitherto been paid by Steamship Companies will be for Consignees account in respect of all vessels commencing to load in Europe on and after the 15th January 1947.

Attempted Radio Station Coup Fails

Milan, Jan. 17.
An attempt by new Fascists to seize Milan radio station for a propaganda broadcast failed last night when an alert employee cut off the microphone before two masked men and one woman seized the control station.

One raider spoke into the dead microphone to exalt the Fascist regime.—United Press.

SOVIET PRESSED TO REPATRIATE POW

New York, Jan. 17.

The New York Times reports that Mr James Byrnes, in one of his last official acts as Secretary of State, pressed M Molotov and previously pressed the French Foreign Minister, M. Georges Bidault, to hasten the repatriation of Japanese and German prisoners of war whose retention the U.S. Government contends violates the Potsdam "proclamation to the Japanese people" dated July 26, 1945.

IRANIANS VOTE FOR GHAVAM

Teheran, Jan. 17.

Premier Ghavam es Sultanch's Democratic Party appeared certain to-day of an overwhelming victory in the Iranian Majlis, elections which started last Saturday.

Political sources reported that acute differences of opinion have arisen in the Opposition ranks because of the complete failure of the attacks on Ghavam's home and foreign policies.

Opposition attempts to create a rift between the Shah and Ghavam likewise utterly failed. The Shah stood firmly by his "patriotic, capable and trusty" Premier.

Political sources said the Opposition forces were also influenced by the mistaken belief that the United States was backing Ghavam with the hope of obtaining Iranian oil concessions in the future. It was reported that even Opposition leaders admitted that Ghavam would have less difficulty in obtaining ratification of the oil concessions to the Soviet Union in Northern Iran than another and weaker Premier.—United Press.

Divorce For Harry Roy

London, Jan. 18.

Dance band leader Harry Roy was granted a divorce yesterday from Elizabeth Roy—the former "Princess Pearl," second daughter of the White Rajah of Sarawak—on the ground of desertion.

Roy said his wife became cold towards him and left him in 1940, five years after their marriage. A counter charge of adultery against Roy was not accepted by the Divorce Commissioner.

Custody of the couple's two children was to be determined later.—Associated Press.

Woodcock To Fight Swede

Stockholm, Jan. 18.

Bruce Woodcock, British heavyweight champion, will fight Olle Tandberg, Swedish heavyweight champion, in London on February 20.

The Swedish boxer's manager said yesterday that he had received word from promoter Jack Solomons that "everything had been settled." Earlier this month, Tandberg laid down a condition that he should receive at least six weeks' notice before fighting Woodcock.—Associated Press.

POCKET CARTOON



State Dept Checks Up On Employees

Washington, Jan. 18.

Carl Aldo Marzani, 35, who worked on the State Department Intelligence for a year, was indicted on charges of falsely stating that he had never been a Communist. At the same time the State Department disclosed that intensive loyalty checks are being made on 53 employees who came to the Department in 1945 from temporary war agencies.

Department Press Officer Michael J. McDermott said that the Government is "fully aware that the problem of protecting the security of the Department from infiltration by disloyal persons is one which requires perpetual vigilance."

The specific charge of the Grand Jury indictment is fraud upon the Government, with possible penalties as high as \$1,000 fine and 10 years' imprisonment. Action has been taken against the other persons "to insure that they are separated from the Department," McDermott said.

He recalled that the Department had taken in some 4,000 employees from the Office of Strategic Services, OWI, Foreign Economic Administration and other new agencies. The State Department made individual investigations about 3,000, whereof it was decided that 314 needed closer scrutiny. Of the latter group, 202 have left the State Department.—Associated Press.

International Red Cross Record

Geneva, Jan. 18.

The prisoner of war section of the International Red Cross forwarded 60,000,000 pieces of mail during the seven-year period from 1939. It was mail written to advise relatives of the capture of prisoners, to trace missing persons, and to establish communications between scattered members of families.—Associated Press.

LIEUTENANT TO COLONEL IN 3 YEARS

Col J. D. Clague, CBE, MC, War Crimes Liaison Officer for Burma and Siam, who is leaving Hongkong next week after a short visit, has had a meteoric war career. Escaping from Shamshuipo Camp in 1942 as a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, he rose to full colonel in less than three years.

After his escape from Hongkong, he commanded the BAAG advance headquarters in Waichow for 18 months, during which time, apart from his military duties, he organized hospitals for the Chinese Army and for refugees from Hongkong. He became a great personal friend of Gen Cheung Kwong-king, who was then in command of the Chinese forces in the area, and his name was also known throughout the East River region.

In June 1943, Major Clague, as he then was, was selected for the Staff College, Quetta, after passing out of which he joined the 14th Army in Burma, being promoted to lieutenant-colonel in 1944.

In 1945, he flew to England on a liaison mission, and did a tour of the European theatre. Whilst in England, he qualified in a parachute course.

On returning to the Far East, Col Clague joined the Siamese underground, and when war ended took charge of the 30,000 Allied prisoners of war and internees in Siam.

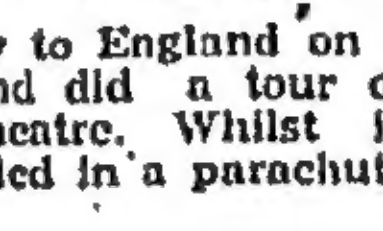
He was later in 1945 promoted full colonel and appointed War Crimes Liaison Officer for Burma and Siam.

Col Clague received the Military Cross in 1942 for organising escapes from Hongkong, and later was awarded the CBE. A recent issue of the London Times refers to his having been awarded the CBE for distinguished services in the field.

He is returning to England via Singapore, and was this week guest of honour at many farewell functions given by his many Chinese and foreign friends here as well as by his former BAAG colleagues.

A keen cricketer, Col Clague has turned out several times for HKCC during his present visit.

COL CLAGUE



CHINESE SAFE IN BOMBAY

Bombay, Jan. 17.

Although scores of Chinese have their places of business in the heart of sections of Bombay most seriously affected by the Hindu-Muslim communal fighting, in which hundreds of Indians have been killed, not a single Chinese has been reported killed or injured since the trouble started on September 1.

The business of Chinese cloth merchants who operate in the Muslim sections, however, has suffered severely. This is not because of any anti-Chinese sentiment in Bombay. Rather, it is because most of Bombay's population is Hindu, and the Hindus avoid Muslim sections lest they be harmed and also because of a rather general boycott sentiment. The Chinese live on friendly terms with all communities.

L. S. Sich, acting consul for China in Bombay said he knew of no incident of violence against a Chinese here. One Indonesian and several Parsis, Christians and Jews of Indian nationality have officially been reported killed, although they were neutrals in the communal fighting.—Associated Press.

LIVES LOST IN TRAIN ACCIDENT

Los Angeles, California, Jan. 17.

The Southern Pacific train, The Owl, speeding from San Francisco to Los Angeles, crashed through a broken rail, killing eight passengers and injuring an estimated 40 others.

A Los Angeles report adds that the train was derailed 10 miles west of Buena Vista.

Five cars of the "Owl" were overturned as the train derailed while it was running at full speed towards Los Angeles.—United Press.

Children's Corner ANSWERS

1. Twenty two times. The minute hand does not overtake the hour hand between 11 o'clock a.m. and 12 o'clock noon. The same applies to 11 p.m. and midnight.
2. Twenty miles. The fly is flying in all exactly half an hour.

Coming Soon

**VIVIEN LEIGH
CLAUDE RAINS
STEWART GRANGER
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
FLORA ROBSON and
A CAST OF 1,000**

in
**BERNARD SHAW'S
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in TECHNICOLOR!

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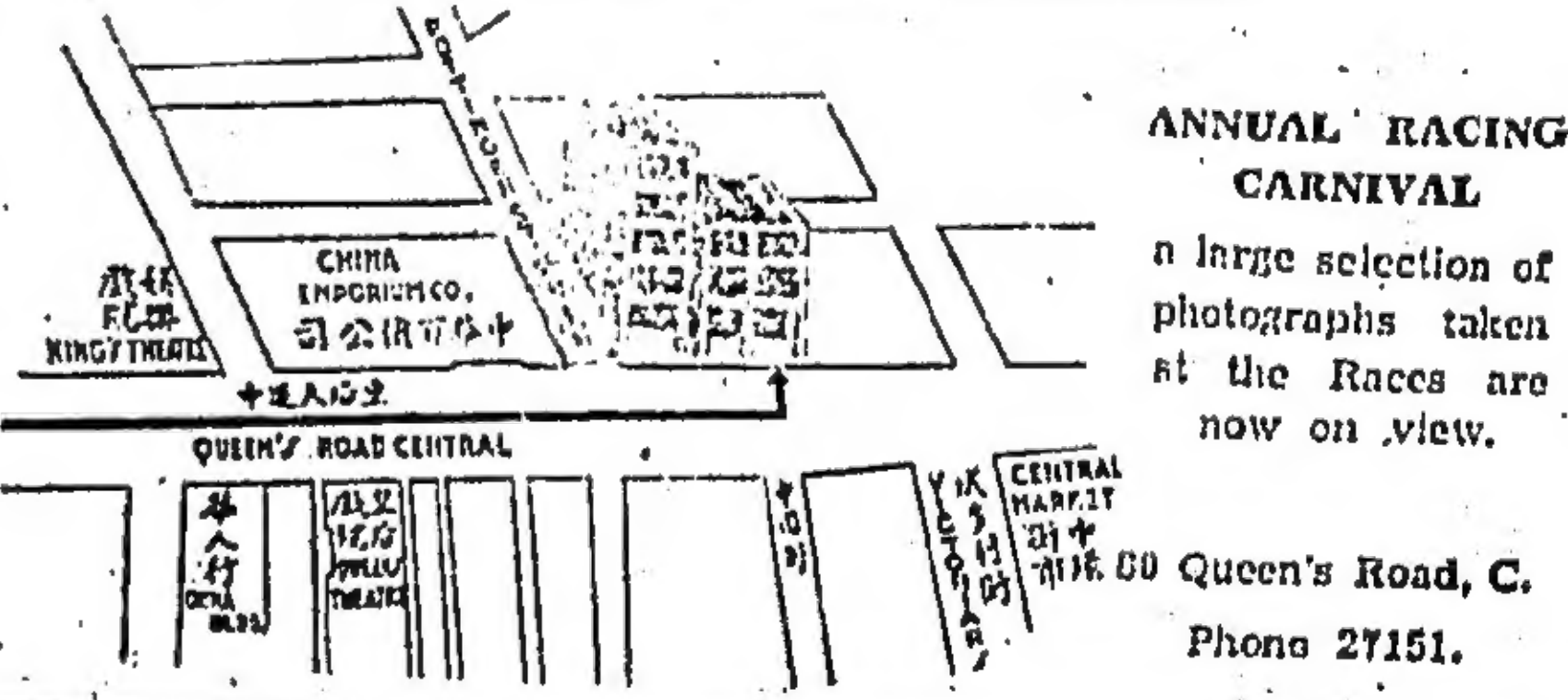
Due to the early sailing of the BLANCHE LITTLER COMPANY, C.S.E. regrets that GASLIGHT will be played for 3 DAYS ONLY commencing THURSDAY, 23RD JAN.

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OUTWARD MAILS

Unless otherwise stated, Registered Articles and Parcel Posts close 30 minutes earlier than the time stated below:

Saturday, January 18.
Airmail: Bangkok, Singapore, Colombo, Surabaya, Sydney, Auckland, 3.30 p.m.
Shanghai, 4.30 p.m.
Canton, Luchow, Kuniting, 3.30 p.m.
Hankow, 3 p.m.
Bangkok, 2 p.m.
Manila, Makassar, Surabaya, Batavia, 3 p.m.
USA, Central and South America, Canada (via San Francisco), 3 p.m.
Brazil, Ceylon, India East and South Africa, Egypt, Europe (via London), 3 p.m.
Macao, Tientsin, Sheki, 4 p.m.
Canton, 4 p.m.
Australia (via Sydney), 4 p.m.
Sunday, January 19
Airmail: Rangoon, Calcutta, Delhi, Johannesburg, Cairo, London, 10 a.m.
Hankow, 10 a.m.
Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, Nanking, Tientsin, Peking, 10 a.m.
Hankow, 10 a.m.
Macao, Tientsin, Sheki, 10 a.m.
Canton, 10 a.m.
Airmail: Manila, 10 a.m.
Sailings: Singapore, Colombo, Sydney, Auckland, London, 3.30 p.m.
Strait, 10 a.m.
Bangkok, 10 a.m.
Hankow, 10 a.m.
Hankow, Peking, noon, Shanghai, 2 p.m.

ARE YOU SURE?

ANSWERS

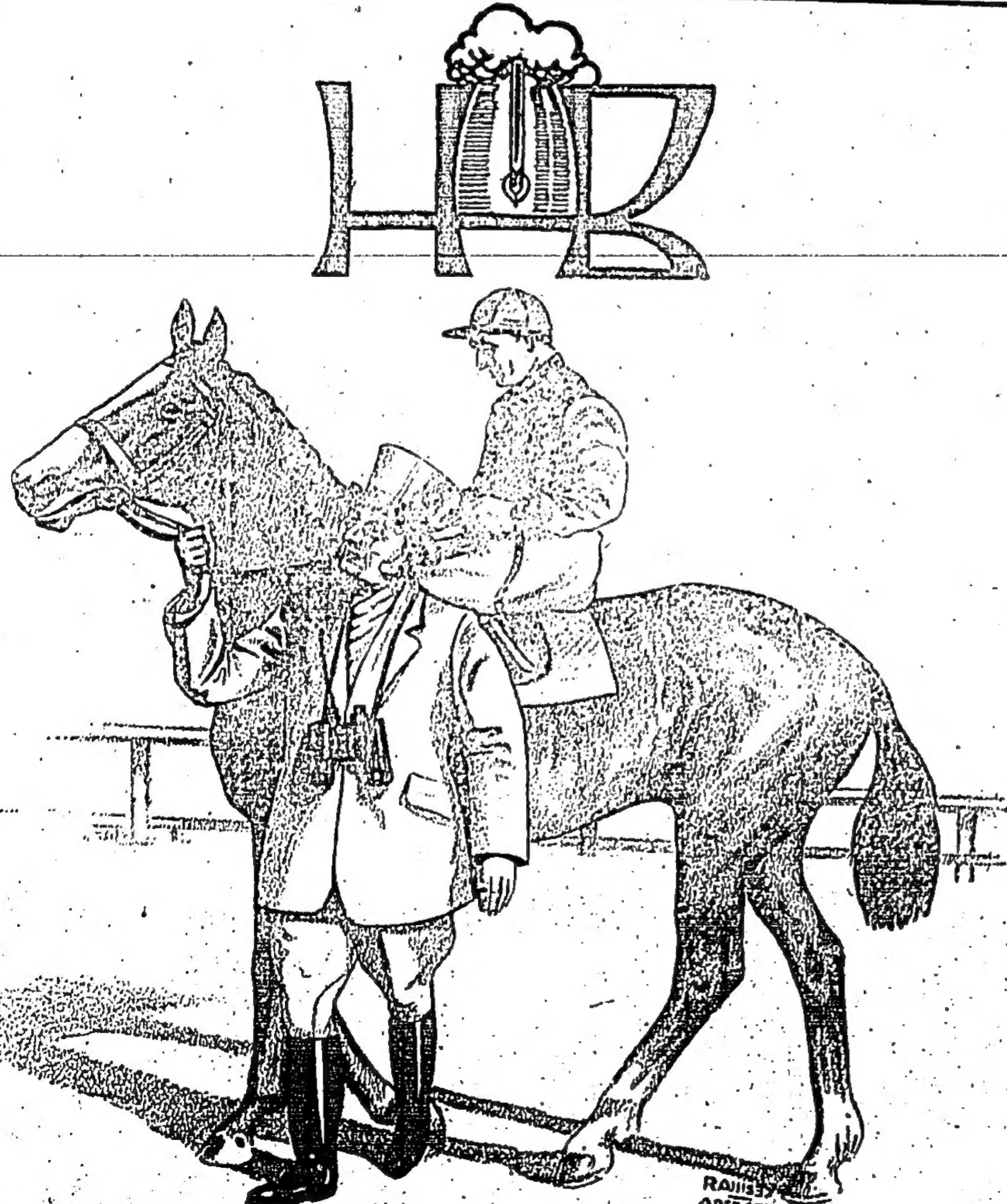
Questions on Page 8

1. Iranian political party. 2. Four days, 10 hrs. 18 mins. 3. Water. 4. Welsh terrier. 5. Economy, blatant, interpreter. 6. Insurance. 7. Canada and U.S.A. 8. (a) 1935, (b) 1944, (c) 1937, (d) 1924.

TO-DAY'S BROADCAST

2.30 p.m. on 845 ke from 12.30-1.15 p.m. 5.30-7.30 p.m. and 9.11 p.m. also on 9.83 mc.
11.30 p.m.
6.30 Variety: 7 London Relay: News: 7.30 London Relay: Home News: 8.30 London Relay: 7.30 Studio: "See Tee's" Soccer Commentary: 7.35 Orchestral Interlude: 7.50 Studio: Unit Requests—New Love Calling: 8.10 R.T. "Encore": 8.30 London Relay: News: 8.40 "Rush-Bind" in the Marsh: with Kenneth Horne: 9.00 London Relay: News: 9.10 Half An Hour With Pootin: 9.40 Bachmannhoff: No. 2 Suite for Two Pianos: Vronsky & Hahn: 10 Music for Dancing: 11 Close down.

Printed and published by Frederick Percy Franklin for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria, in the Colony of Hongkong.



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